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Saturday Review

OF LITERATURE

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(See Recordings, page 41)

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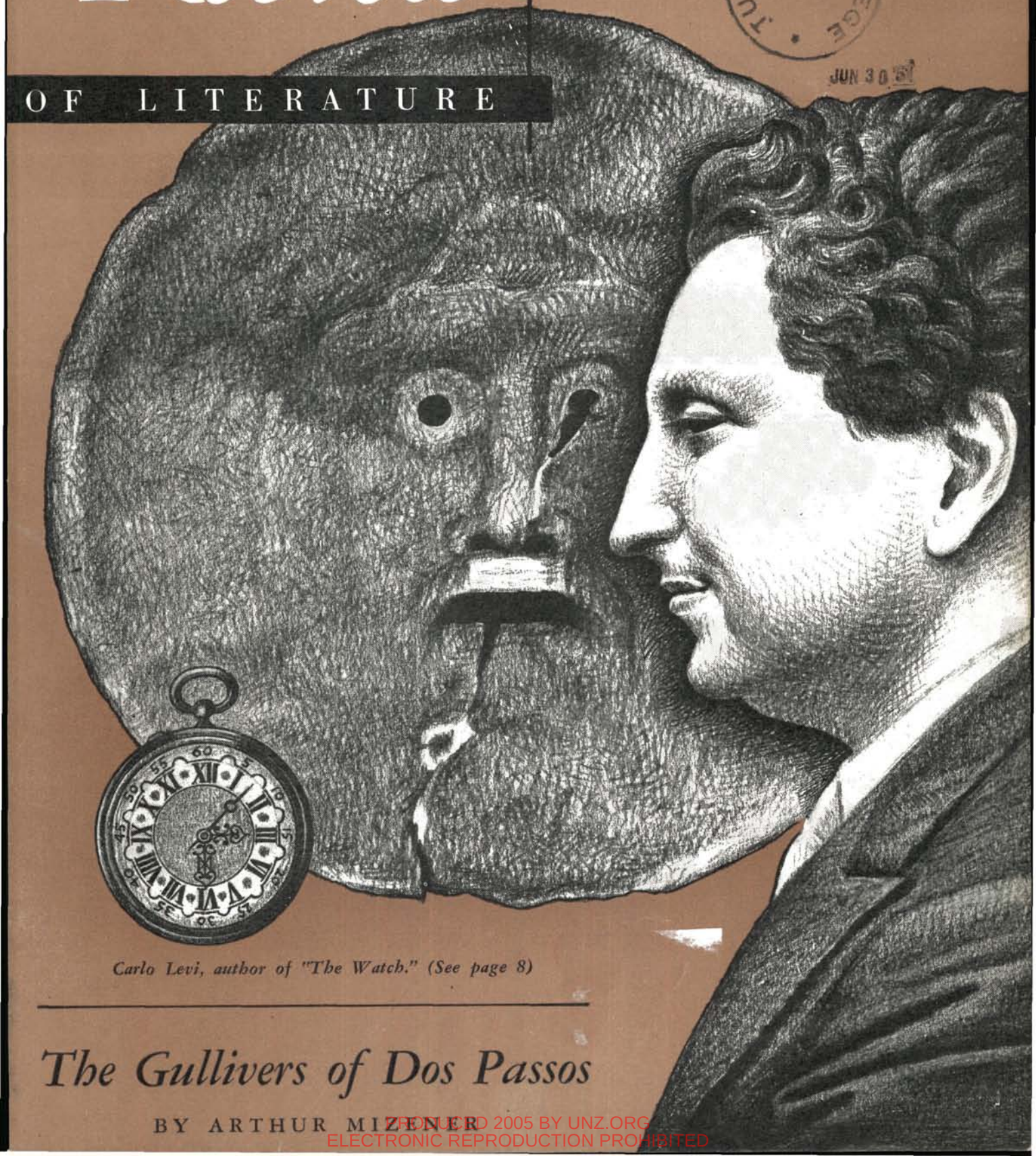

Carlo Levi, author of "The Watch." (See page 8)

The Gullivers of Dos Passos

BY ARTHUR MIZENER

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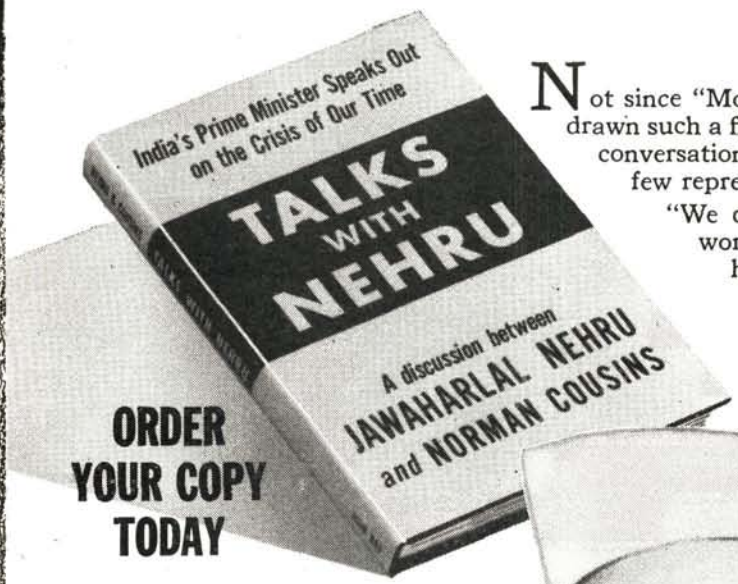
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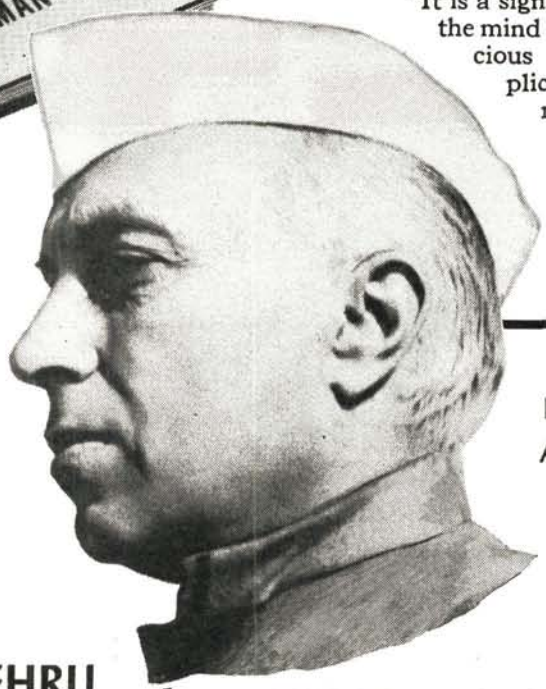

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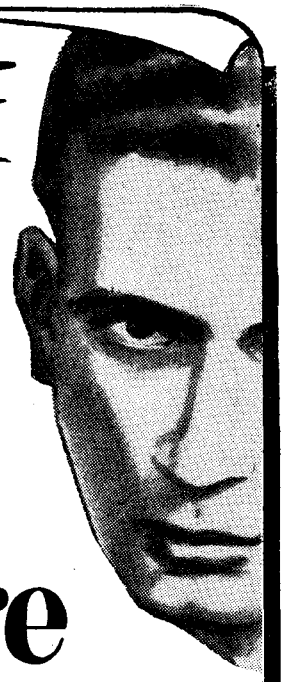
Here's a humdinger of a fight

over

Norman Mailer's

new novel

Barbary Shore



PROS

"We think it is beyond question that it will generate more talk and publicity than any other book of the month. If the fact of Mailer's talent needed any further confirmation that is now taken care of completely, for the man is fascinating to read."—DONALD GORDON

"He still has the phonographic ear for vulgar American speech which made *The Naked and the Dead* so disturbingly memorable. Guinevere is an appallingly convincing lady of burlesque, vocally bored with the male reaction to her fleshy charms. Monina in her brief appearance is obscenely real . . . Hollingsworth who pauses in his expert sleuthing to date a cafe waitress is a character of expertly defined talents and limitations."—LEWIS GANNETT, *N.Y. Herald Tribune*

"The new book has a far stronger imaginative coloring and it shows a remarkable advance in Mailer's writing: his style has become rounder, more flowing, and even tinged with poetry . . . has certainly furnished further evidence that he has one of the stronger talents of his generation." — CHARLES ROLO, *Atlantic Monthly*

CONS

"The most hopeless piece of undiluted gibberish I've encountered in a long time . . . It is surprising that the author of *The Naked and the Dead,* whose debut was hailed with such wild superlatives, should flounder so completely on his second attempt." — DAVID APPEL, *Philadelphia Inquirer*

"It is intolerable that this dismal blob of literary garbage should be foisted upon the American reading public merely because Norman Mailer wrote *The Naked and the Dead* . . . The pity, as I see it, is that it did not die in Mr. Mailer's typewriter."—*Omaha World Herald*

"It is relatively rare to discover a novel (whose) obvious intention is to debauch as many readers as possible, mentally, morally, physically, and politically . . . I presume the success of *The Naked and The Dead* emboldened Norman Mailer to the point where he believed he could write and publish anything he wanted to . . . He is merely wallowing for the sheer joy of wallowing . . . When one has finished reading this evil-smelling novel one has an overwhelming urge to take a hot bath with very strong soap."
—STERLING NORTH

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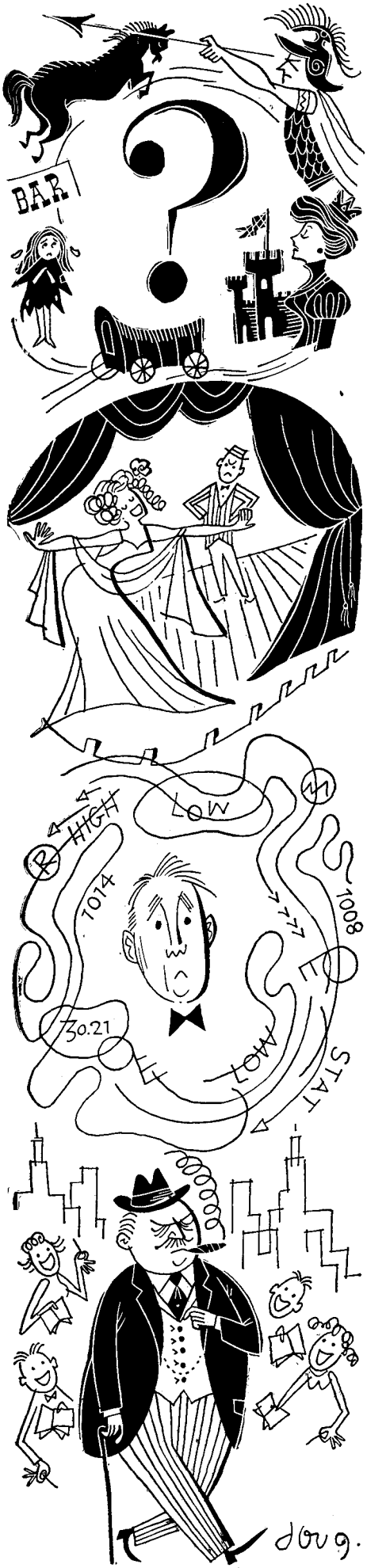

TRADE Winds

LEAFING THROUGH an old file of *Harper's* magazine *The New York Times*'s erudite J. Donald Adams came across a literary quiz under the heading "Books Without Authors," based on the supposition that a surprisingly large number of world-famous books were written by authors whose names are for the most part quite forgotten today. Sixteen books were listed in the quiz, and Adams asserts he was able after much travail to name the authors of nine of them. Can you do as well? Here are the books: "The Swiss Family Robinson," "Quo Vadis," "Black Beauty," "John Halifax, Gentleman," "Baron Munchhausen," "Lorna Doone," "Ten Nights in a Barroom," "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," "Hans Brinker and the Silver Skates," "East Lynne," "The Prisoner of Zenda," "Elsie Dinsmore," "Graustark," "David Harum," "The Covered Wagon," and "Ben Hur."

The authors, in proper order, are listed near the end of this column.

BROADWAY. . . . The big star of a musical of yesteryear was Eddie Foy, but at the first curtain call on opening night the ingenue suddenly stepped to the apron of the stage and took the bow. Later she told Foy tearfully, "I knew perfectly well the applause was for you. I don't know what came over me. Can you ever forgive me?" "It's quite all right, my dear," Foy assured her. "I always take the center of the stage with me." . . . A French playwright came here a few years ago with his new and beautiful wife. Unbelievably jealous, he had her shadowed constantly by private detectives until American friends told him, "We do not do things that way in this country. Your behavior is an insult to all womanhood. Call off those dicks immediately." Reluctantly the French playwright followed their directive. The next day his bride slapped him across the face, crying, "You do not love me any more!" . . . Peter Lind Hayes says that certain TV comedians remind him of that old Chinese philosopher On Too Long. . . . Joe Frisco exited from an Errol Flynn sword-and-glove epic marveling, "That's the b-b-bravest I ever s-s-saw Errol!" . . . Another Frisco line: observing the jars and lotions on the dressing table of an aging star he remarked, "Look at what the p-p-poor girl has to use to look f-f-fifty!" . . . At a party in the Waldorf a guest asked, "I wonder why the Duke of Windsor always goes around humming to himself?" Ethel Merman suggested, "Maybe the Waldorf is AC and the Duke is DC!" . . . The Russel Crouses were tootling across the New Jersey landscape at a sixty-mile-an-hour clip when a motorcycle cop halted them with the time-honored query, "Where's the fire?" "There's no fire," said Mr. Crouse with his great native dignity. "We are merely going antiquing." "Won't the antiques wait?" asked the cop sarcastically. "Probably," replied Mr. Crouse, "but we're anxious to get them before they grow any older." The cop was sufficiently impressed to let the Crouses drive off without a ticket.

"MY SON WANTS a job in the publishing business," wrote a broker to a publisher friend. "Can you place him? He's a real bookworm." "Tell him," replied the publisher, "to try Wormrath's." . . . Guy Turner reports that an irate bookseller fired a new clerk who admitted he never had heard of Galsworthy's best-known book — a plain case of never giving a saga an even break. . . . Jae Greenberg couldn't make up his mind about how many copies of jockey Eddie Arcaro's autobiography to print. Nat Wartels suggested, "Why don't you take a Gallop poll?"

A NEW and completely revised edition (the third) of "Everyman's Encyclopedia" has just been issued by Macmillan. The twelve volumes include 2,500 illustrations and some nine million words. . . . Puzzled by those elaborate weather charts you see in the daily newspapers? Ernest Christie's "How About the Weather?" (Harper) explains them fully. . . . *Pathfinder* interviewed Washington's only trade-book publisher, M. B. Schnapper, of the Public Affairs Press, and found him faintly puzzled by the lawmakers he had encountered recently. One Congressman proposed, "I'll write you a book if you just give me a subject. I'm not particular. Got lots of time on my hands." Schnapper suggested the problems of the Congressman's own Southern state. To his surprise, the Representative actually wrote the book. "It was really awful," groaned Schnapper, "but at least I persuaded him it had clarified his mind to get his ideas down on paper." Another aspiring author who approached Schnapper

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was Senator Estes Kefauver, with a manuscript called "Twentieth-Century Congress." By rejecting it Schnapper lost out on the Senator's sure-fire crime report. He consoles himself by pointing out, "That's not the only distinguished mistake I've made. But there will be lots of other opportunities down here. Scratch an official and you find an author!"

THE AUTHORS of the books listed in the lead paragraph of this week's TRADE WINDS were: Johann Rudolph Wyss, Henryk Sienkiewicz, Anna Sewell, Dinah Maria Mulock (Mrs. Craik), Rudolph Erich Raspe, Richard D. Blackmore, Timothy Shay Arthur, Vicente Blasco Ibañez, Mary Mapes Dodge, Mrs. Henry Wood, Anthony Hope, Martha Finley, George Barr McCutcheon, Edward Noyes Westcott, Emerson Hough, and Lew Wallace. . . . Mention of Mrs. Henry Wood and "East Lynne" calls to mind a pertinent comment by D. W. Brogan in a recent issue of the London *Spectator*: "It is easy, too easy, to be funny or superior about the best seller. For the first thing to notice about it is that it takes talent of some kind to write it. Many a serious author has dallied with the temptation to climb down, to get a little easy money by writing tripe. But he doesn't do it because he can't. Nothing, apparently, could be easier than to write gorgeous rubbish like 'Three Weeks,' but try it! The suspension of disbelief must be the author's as well as the reader's. . . . The great heart of the people will not be deceived. The author's nonsense must suit their nonsense. George Meredith as a publisher's reader could turn down 'East Lynne,' but he could no more have written it than Mrs. Henry Wood could have written 'The Egoist.'"

MEMORY LANE: Harry C. Kelly, who called himself "The Virginia Judge," was forced to patronize a fourth-rate eating house one day because it was the only one in town. The waiter watched him toying with his consommé and finally ventured, "How's the soup?" Kelly answered mournfully, "I'm sorry I stirred it." . . . Arthur Koestler remembers when the Soviet publishing trust commissioned him to write a pro-Communist novel and financed an all-Russia tour to help him collect material. His plot revolved around a sturdy peasant who resisted Communism for a long time but finally became a convert. The finished manuscript was never published, however. Soviet authorities considered the anti-Communist arguments in the first part of the story far too convincing! The commissar who told Koestler that his book had been turned down, incidentally, was the late Jan Valtin! . . . G. K. Chesterton, a veritable mountain of a man, deeply resented the attention he invariably attracted when he lumbered down a Manhattan thoroughfare. "These autograph hunters are driving me insane," he protested. Somebody asked, "How do they know who you are?" Chesterton replied, "If they don't know they ask." . . . In 1690 William Rittenhouse established the first paper mill in America. In 1710 a competitor opened a second paper mill down the lane from Rittenhouse's Philadelphia plant. "And that," adds Sam Himmel of the Baldwin Paper Company, "probably signalized the beginning of cut prices in the paper industry."

Ah, for the good old days!

—BENNETT CERF.

Love Song

By Jean Burden

IF WE are to love
I must bring you gifts
of my necessities.

I will show you the five-tailed dragon
at my door;
and the black trees;
I will bring you in my open hand
the stone that has consoled.

You will know my hunger;
you will taste my foods.

And for your delight
I will bring you my solitudes,
and my night.

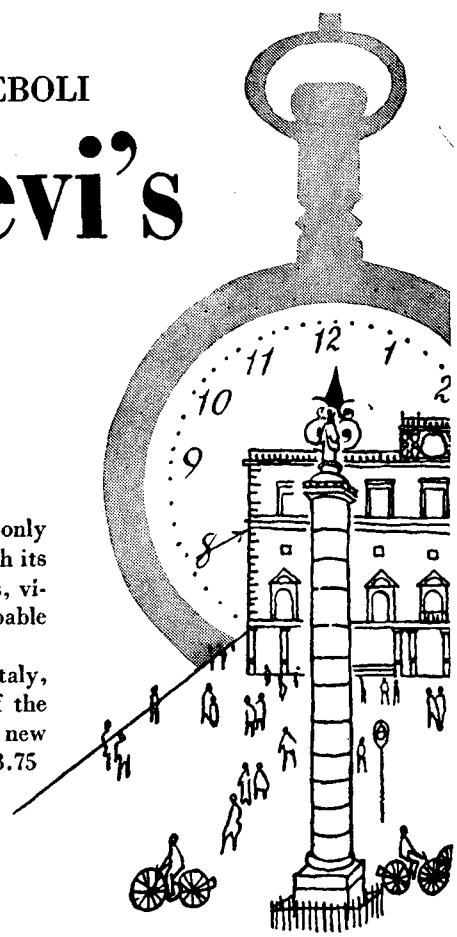
For you I must be
clean as the grass;
clear as air
in a crystal bowl;
naked
as the glass.

By the author of
CHRIST STOPPED AT EBOLI

Carlo Levi's
new novel
has just been
published!

This is a story of modern Rome as only Carlo Levi could tell it—Rome with its humor, pain, picaresque characters, violent drama, beauty and inescapable humanity.

Paolo Milano, reporting from Italy, says: "The main literary event of the past season has been Carlo Levi's new book, *The Watch*."—*N. Y. Times* $3.75



THE WATCH

FARRAR, STRAUS & YOUNG

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

The Gullivers of Dos Passos

ARTHUR MIZENER

Arthur Mizener

DURING the Forties and the Fifties John Dos Passos has very nearly achieved the rank of a neglected novelist. In the Twenties with the publication of "Three Soldiers" (1921) and "Manhattan Transfer" (1925) he was one of the promising young novelists, "Three Soldiers" particularly striking its period as a daring and realistic novel. In the Thirties the three novels that constitute "U. S. A." gave him the reputation of having written "the American collective novel" at a time when everyone took the collective novel pretty seriously. These reputations were all misleading.

"Three Soldiers" is mainly an "art novel," the story of a young man too sensitive and esthetically aware to endure the crude world, who is defeated by that world; it is only incidentally the exposé of the Army in the First World War, which gave it its initial reputation with a decade very much concerned to come to terms with the war. "U. S. A." is something different—and better—than the collective novel in which, as the fashion of the Thirties required, "the real hero . . . is society itself." The real hero of the book is a state of mind, a moral attitude toward our society and, by clear implication, all social organization. And a very "uncollective" state of mind it is, too ("when you try to find the people, always in the end it comes down to somebody").

Probably the Thirties' decision that "U. S. A." was a collective novel was as unavoidable as the former decision that "Three Soldiers" was a realistic novel about the war. The form of the collective novel had been adumbrated by fashionable critics and proved in theory to be the one demanded by the times. They were nearly as certain to turn up a collective novel as was the eighteenth century to turn up a noble savage; and Dos Passos has suffered about as much from his selection for the first honor as Omai did from his selection for the second.

As Dos Passos has gone on producing the kind of novel he started to develop with "Manhattan Transfer" his work has been less and less well received. The professional Left found "Adventures of a Young Man" (1938) grossly offensive; here, believe it or not, was the collective novelist himself passionately damning the conduct of the Communist Party in the Spanish Civil War and generally conducting himself like a Trotskyite. "Number One" (1943) was deplored as a journalistic novel about Huey Long. "The Grand Design" (1949) seemed painfully unenlightened to the numerous and influential liberals who had gone into the New Deal; think of Dos Passos setting up a prosperous businessman, almost a "malefactor of great wealth," as his hero and then having him defeated by the confusion, the egotism, and the selfishness of New-Deal liberals! This was unkind; this was betrayal. It has been a final misfortune for Dos Passos during these years that his kind of novel must carefully avoid the minute shading of character and the sensitive poetical style which have been the main current fashions in the novel, so that even the people who ought to have been reading and admiring him quietly while the liberals disowned him have (with a few honorable exceptions like Alfred Kazin) neglected him.

It was apparently useless to protest these irrelevant but damaging judgments during the Thirties and Forties; when T. K. Whipple remarked of "U. S. A." in 1938 that in it "the class struggle is presented as a minor theme; the major theme is the vitiation and degradation of character in such a civilization" nobody minded him. But enough time has passed now so that we ought to be able to see—instead of debating whether he takes a political position we happen at the moment to agree with or whether he writes in a style more or less like Virginia Woolf's—what Dos Passos has been doing. To look at him thus seeingly is, I believe, to discover that Dos Passos is a good novelist of a kind almost unique in our time.

WHAT we need to recognize above all is the kind of novel Dos Passos is writing, the genre to which his work belongs. The best way to do that is to approach it by way of the tradition of comedy exemplified in slightly different ways by Ben Jonson and Swift. Dos Passos is not, I assume, consciously working in a literary tradition; neither was Swift. And Jonson is a great writer not because he had read and borrowed from the classics but because of the intensity of his vision of human experience. "He invades [classical] authors like a monarch," as Dryden put it; "and what would be theft in other poets is only victory in him." Yet Jonson, like Dos Passos, has suffered from the charge that—in his case because of slavish imitation of the classics—he is full of typed characters without the charm and warmth that romantically inclined people think is the whole value of Shakespeare's characters (and never know what to do with Timon and Coriolanus). Jonson, we are told, did not allow his characters to come alive

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—Harold Weston.

John Dos Passos—". . . the governing irony."

and be human because he was too anxious to manipulate them like puppets in order to prove some commonplace moral fetched from the classics.

It is true, of course, that Jonson's characters are two-dimensional, calculatedly and necessarily, and that the moral values of his plays are, in one sense, familiar. Yet, for all their familiarity, they have hardly impressed themselves on us deeply enough to make humanity live by them. Doctor Johnson, speaking of another kind of romantic taste, made the best defense of Jonson's kind of poetry. "Those writers who lay on the watch for novelty," he said, "could have little hope of greatness; for great things cannot have escaped former observation." What matters finally in any kind of literature is not the novelty of its attitudes and values or the superficial charm and colorfulness of its characters but the realized and communicated passion for "the great things."

If a writer sees people, as writers like Jonson and Dos Passos do, not as aggregations of charming eccentricities, as "characters," but as representative cases, each of whom contributes in his way to our understanding of the drift of the community's life, and if he sees them thus with passion and intelligence, then he will produce neither romance nor tragedy but the most serious kind of satiric comedy, works like "Bartholomew Fair" or "Le Misanthrope" or "Gulliver's Travels" or "Adventures of a Young Man." Such a work is immediately ironic about the shortcomings of its own society and, beyond that, about the permanent defects of humanity; it will seem to writers like these the most serious kind of work they can produce. "For if men will impartially, and not asquint, look toward the offices and functions of a poet," as Ben Jonson put it about his own work, "they will easily conclude to themselves the impossibility of any man's being a good poet, without first being a good man . . . it being the office of a comic poet to imitate justice, and instruct to life. . . ."

Therefore Jonson, basing his attack on the humanistic and Christian attitude professed by his age, held up to deadly ridicule the capitalist acquisitiveness and puritan pretentiousness of the early seventeenth century. Therefore Swift, basing his attack on the Christian reason and the benevolence professed by the eighteenth century, attacked (at least on the whole; he is a more complicated case than Jonson) the functionless ritual and the brutality of his society. With both writers the ultimate object of attack was man himself, that "most pernicious race of little odious vermin," as the King of Brobdingnag put it, "that nature ever suffered to crawl upon the surface of the earth." In the same way Dos Passos, taking quite seriously the anarchistic individualism and the egalitarianism of the American democratic tradition, attacks with satire the institutionalized corruption and the disintegrated private lives produced by the two mighty opposites of our society—industry and politics.

The characteristic novel form for comedy of this kind is the picaresque tale which carries its hero through a series of socially representative adventures ("The Adventures of"—Joseph Andrews, Roderick Random, A Young Man—is the formula for the title of the picaresque novel). This hero may be a young man of innocent and incurable good will, like the early Gulliver; or he may be the equally innocent rascal who believes that happiness is to be obtained by being smart and financially successful, like Volpone (except that after almost two centuries of benevolence Dos Passos's Volpones and Jonathan Wilds tend to be pathetic as well as vicious). In either case he is finally destroyed or at least defeated, if possible by the most pretentiously righteous institution of his society.

AS IN ALL fiction of this kind there is in Dos Passos's work a lively, almost journalistic interest in the manners and customs of the Several Remote Nations into which his Gullivers travel. Just as Ben Jonson never overlooked a chance to work into his comedies a "humorous" portrait of an

(*Continued on page* 34)

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Fiction. *Three novels recommended for summer reading in* SRL*'s poll of newspaper critics (*SRL *June 23) are reviewed this week. Probably the most noteworthy is "The Watch," the latest work of Carlo Levi, author of the memorable "Christ Stopped at Eboli." The publisher describes it as fiction, but whether it is actually that or a collection of sketches based on fact each reader will have to decide for himself. Vern Sneider's "The Teahouse of the August Moon" is a charming and understanding picture of Japan trying to learn new ways under American rule. Stephen Longstreet's "The Pedlocks" is the saga of a Jewish-American family done in semi-cinematic style. Two other books of the week will also provide agreeable hammock reading for long, warm-weather days: Geoffrey Household's suspenseful "A Rough Shoot" and Elizabeth Reynard's fanciful retelling of an old Cape Cod legend, "The Mutinous Wind."*

Time and the Man

THE WATCH. By Carlo Levi. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. 442 pp. $3.75.

By Lawrence Grant White

CARLO LEVI, the gifted author of "Christ Stopped at Eboli," has written another book about Italy. Its obscure title, "The Watch," refers to a graduation present from his father, symbolizing the unity of time and recurring as the subject of a curious dream.

The method used in the two books is similar: the meticulous recording of the author's impressions of scenes and events and the conversations and opinions of the people he meets. But within these similar frames the subject matter differs widely. For "Eboli" is a vivid picture of life in a remote and primitive town, and "The Watch" is a record of a few days among intellectuals in Rome during the confused times immediately following the liberation in the last war. There are a few reminiscences of the author's editorial activities in Florence and a description of his eventful trip to his uncle's deathbed in Naples.

Though not as powerful as the earlier book, "The Watch" is equally well written. The characters are alive, and the scenes are graphically described with the pen of a painter who knows how to write. The result is a glittering mosaic, highly polished but lacking a definite pattern. There is no plot: "*senza storia*," to use his own words.

On the dust jacket of the Italian edition is a sonnet, reproduced in the author's handwriting, listing the strangely assorted contents of the book. It might be freely translated as follows:

The sound of lions roaring in the night,
striking at memory from the depths of time,
owls and Madonnas, symbols and events
disrupted and rejoined, without a plot;
jungles of tenements, caves, birds, and branches,
courtyards for rats, and glories overthrown,
eyes, voices, gestures—gold as well as dross,
a green reburgeoning of evil days;
thieves in the woods, and adders at the breast,
kings true and false, and ministers, and beggars,
peasants at work, while worms are in the saddle,
the timeless wailing and the funeral speech;
courage and famine—patient suffering men,
and Rome, and Italy—such is "The Watch."

The reader will find the above items, and many more, in the text. The book opens and closes with the roaring of the lions, a mysterious sound which Mr. Levi seems to hear at night in Rome but inaudible to your reviewer's less receptive ears, which were deafened by the more insistent sound of internal-combustion engines. The owl figures prominently in Mr. Levi's painting on the front of the Italian dust jacket. The Madonnas and rats are plentiful and so are the courtyards of decaying palaces. The author on his way to Naples in a dilapidated truck was nearly shot to

THE AUTHOR: Carlo Levi's book is bound to cause a certain dissension among critics as they try to define its category—novel or autobiography. But that worries its author (and publishers) very little. His own definition might be construed from a passage near the end of the last chapter. He is being driven through the night, a cabinet minister on either side of him sleeping, their heads fallen on his shoulders: "I seemed to be the only one to keep vigil, the only one moving and remembering. . . . It seemed to me that the entire world, people and things, had disappeared in that sleep and that I alone was preserving their existence, and holding them in my memory." Categorizing Levi himself is difficult. He was born in Turin in 1902, of comfortable background. He took a medical degree in 1924 but gave up practice for painting, a great passion of his. (The town of Bari recently awarded him its gold laurel leaf prize for his painting skill.) Physician's and artist's hands are both evident in "The Watch"—but so of course are the writer's and above all those of a man who lustily loves every aspect of existence, intolerant only of sham and meanness. Food, for instance: in the back-and-forth correspondence of close checking during translation Levi was adamant on accuracy in its nomenclature. He has made a pet of a magnificent owl in a Roman zoo—goes to look at it frequently, paints it often. The birds became a symbolic part of his life when he was in prison—a solemn string of them sat on a wire outside his cell window. Add to the categories the politically active and aware liberal (in 1931 he helped found an anti-Fascist, non-Communist organization, in 1935 was exiled to Southern Italy) and the journalist (he has edited two daily papers in Rome). He is slightly fat and his voice is hearty; he can be sharply witty or expansively jolly. He is gallant with people, truly interested in and loving his fellow man. He hasn't said so—but from a man of such diversity, energy, and capacity for life one suspects that "The Watch" may be one unit in a Proust-tradition stream of "preserving . . . existence." —K. S.

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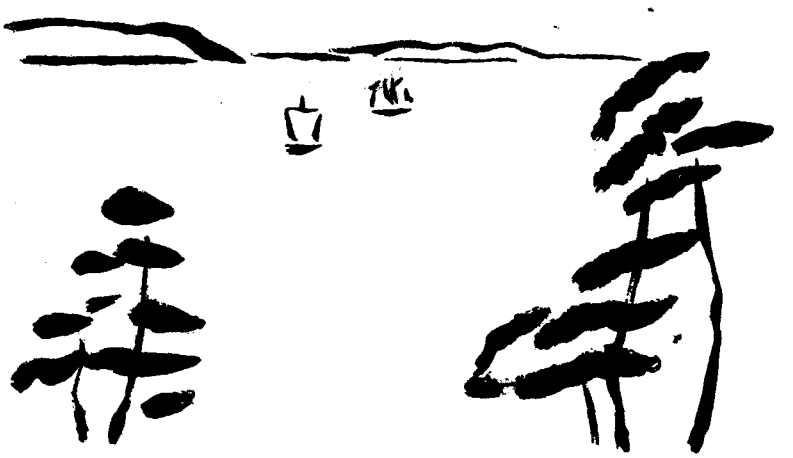
death by a brigand ambushed in the woods; but he returned to Rome in style with a cabinet minister.

The snake at the breast is a macabre story of abject poverty in Rome. Although obscenities are not to be found in the text (a pleasant surprise in this day and age), Mr. Levi delights in the horrible and the grotesque. Thus, he describes a man whose nose had been split in two as follows: "The noses were composed of an intricate series of little valleys, cavities, and protuberances, like a mixture of varicose veins and bowels." Strong language, but the reader won't forget it. And here is a telling but less revolting description of an Italian room on a hot day: "The shutters were closed on account of the heat, and only the reflection from the houses opposite filtered through in burning threads."

The true king referred to in the sonnet is Victor Emmanuel III, then still technically on the throne but forgotten and disregarded by his people. The false king is Giuseppe Biscaglia of Poggioreale, who had become king by his wits—a fabulous character, "as rich as the sea," with a throne-room and a real gold throne. Those who have read "San Gennaro Never Says No," by Giuseppe Marotta, will recall a chapter devoted to him, where his last name is given as Novarra. He probably assumed the name of Biscaglia to further the amusing imposture, described by Mr. Levi, when he successfully masqueraded as the son of a wealthy Neapolitan shop-owner of that name in order to impress his prospective bride's parents. Whatever his name, he would be a scarcely credible character even in an extravagant comic opera.

The anonymous translator has successfully caught the author's mood. There are a few confusing slips, apparently due to what Belloc calls a "deceptive similarity of sound," such as "avocation" for *avvenimento*, "varnish" for *vernice*, a literal translation but an unlikely material for painting political slogans on walls. On the other hand, the formidable paragraphs of the original have been broken up, so that the English version is easier to read than the Italian. And "The Watch" is well worth reading in either language.

Lawrence Grant White is senior partner of the architectural firm McKim, Mead, and White. He has done a translation of "The Divine Comedy," and he has lived at various times in Naples and Rome. He served as liaison officer on the staff of the British admiral commanding the Naples area in World War II.



—By Yoshinori Kinoshita from "Time of Fallen Blossoms."

Never Underestimate the Power. . .

THE TEAHOUSE OF THE AUGUST Moon. By Vern Sneider. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 282 pp. $3.

By Bradford Smith

BEHIND Mr. Sneider's delightfully humorous fantasy of the Occupation on Okinawa there lies a wisdom about human motivation, which must have been both helpful and frustrating to him when he was an area supervisor there and faced with such problems as he spreads out for our amusement in the pages of his novel. It is easy to imagine that what happens in the book is what Mr. Sneider must often have dreamed of doing himself when confronted by an alien civilization and an American plan of occupation he was faced with the choice of doing violence to one or the other.

Captain Fisby is kindly but bewildered by this alien civilization, by Plan B of the Occupation, and by Colonel Purdy, who is always prodding him to get on with his education program, his lectures on democracy, and his guidance of the Women's League for Democratic Action. Then Captain Fisby falls heir to a couple of geisha girls named First Flower and Lotus Blossom. They had been passed on from one village to another by occupation officials who found no place for them in Plan B and didn't want action plans cluttered up. But Fisby had nowhere to send them; he had to keep them.

When the residents decide to build a teahouse for them lazy, indolent Tobiki village is suddenly transformed into a beehive. Overnight a garden springs into being. The ladies of the League go in for tea ceremony under geisha instruction. Oldsters who have been idling in the old folks' home set up by the Occupation begin to turn out beautiful lacquerware for the teahouse. Hand-painted pottery comes next. The doctor sent down by the colonel to look into Fisby's sanity is a gardening bug, and he is soon operating a community farm to supply the delicacies demanded by the teahouse. Fisby himself, though a fizzle at carrying out Plan B, is quite a success in swapping native-made souvenirs for PX goods to balance the village economy. Within a few months Tobiki is a thriving, self-supporting community —while the rest of Okinawa subsists on American charity. Then the colonel comes. From there on we leave the story to Mr. Sneider.

The book is full of humorous descriptions of Japanese-Okinawan civilization that will delight the many thousands of Americans who by now have seen it at first hand. The sumo match, the tea ceremony, the banquet at the teahouse will be amusing whether one has experienced them or not. So, too, the efforts of the Women's League to achieve democracy through finery and culture equal to those of the geisha are highly entertaining. And highly instructive, too. For in this gay little novel Mr. Sneider has entirely without preaching told us that our fault as occupiers is our tendency to think of democracy only in terms of American institutions. To understand the culture of the occupied and to let them work out in their own terms the basic principles of freedom—this is the true art of occupation, and of democracy, too.

Everyone involved in such tasks both in Washington and overseas should read "The Teahouse of the August Moon." A bitter but beneficial pill is not often so tastefully coated.

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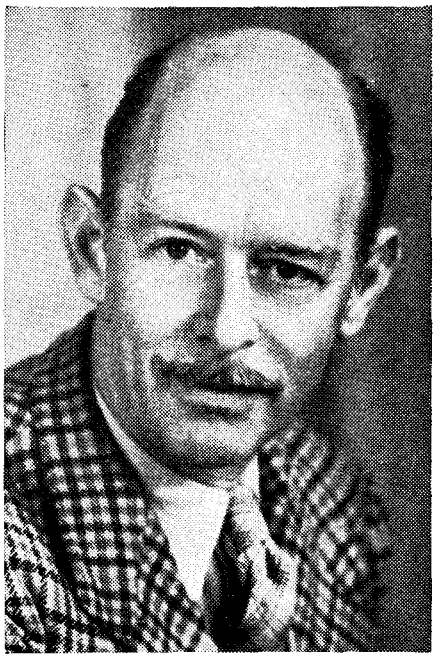
Murder & Manhunt

A ROUGH SHOOT. By Geoffrey Household. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 156 pp. $2.50.

By Harrison Smith

GEOFFREY HOUSEHOLD is a strangely domestic name for one of the foremost English writers of chilling novels of suspense, murder, and manhunts. In this country his reputation began with "Rogue Male," the story of a British sportsman who went gunning for Hitler with a telescopic rifle back in the days when Adolf was menacing the world. Today Mr. Household and Eric Ambler have taken the place of the creator of that intrepid, bloodthirsty, and now almost extinct character known as Bulldog Drummond, who had as little of the subtlety in the art of mayhem as his canine namesake.

"A Rough Shoot" is once more a tale of the hunter and the hunted involved in a complex international intrigue. Mr. Household's Roger Taine is again a tweedy sportsman handy with shotgun and rifle. One afternoon while he is surveying the remote Dorset farm he had rented for what is known as rough shooting he intentionally aims a dose of buckshot at the broad base of a kneeling fat man he presumes is a poacher illegally setting traps. His victim falls on one of the sharp metal stakes he has been planting and is instantly killed. Taine has a wife and children in his village house and prefers to hide the body in a pit in the field rather than to be tried for murder by the local magistrate. The next night he returns and moves the corpse under a heap of stones and suddenly is set upon in the dark by two strangers, one of whom from his curses is obviously a foreigner. At this point both Mr. Taine and the reader are in a state of emotional tension, well aware that there is more in the wind than police trailing a murder suspect. In a story of this kind you have only to mention a foreigner to smell out a German or Russian spy or saboteur.



Geoffrey Household—"midnight reading."

Taine's most prominent neighbor is a hyphenated squire, a slick politician with great influence in the country as the leader of a vaguely Fascist conspiracy known as the People's Movement, on the surface more democratic than democracy itself. Taine, of course, had shot one of the squire's men while he was planting stakes as a mooring for a plane engaged in flying foreign agents or smugglers in and out of England.

If Taine had not found an ally in a cheerful and violent Polish general who was living in exile in Dorset he would have soon been headed for the graveyard. Between them they ferret out a wild plot to start a minor revolution. Before Mr. Household is done with it the reader is led through a wild chase across England and a battle on London rooftops, with the odds heavily against the heroes.

Since the plot is the essence of the suspense and foreign-intrigue novel a reviewer should not expose its complications to the reader. It is sufficient to say that "A Rough Shoot" is as deftly contrived and as satisfying for midnight reading as any recent novel of its kind, though Geoffrey Household judged by his scholarly appearance would seem the last man in England to be involved in the concoction of successful stories of this kind. He had a long training in banking and commerce in half a dozen countries; then the war sent him abroad as a security officer in the Near East after a brief training in Intelligence duties. In the process his country may have lost a good merchant or banker, but a vast number of readers in at least two countries will have gained the odd pleasure of being kept awake of nights by this story.

Solution of Last Week's Double-Crostic (No. 900)

GILBERT HIGHET:
(THE) ART OF TEACHING

Those who think of Wilson as only an idealistic President who failed are liable to forget that he was one of the greatest teachers of this century. . . . Yes, he failed . . . yet, he taught the human race how to strive for . . . universal peace.

The Witch & the Pirate

THE MUTINOUS WIND. By Elizabeth Reynard. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 210 pp. $2.75.

By Sigrid de Lima

SOME years ago Elizabeth Reynard gave us "The Narrow Land," a collection of the folk tales and traditions of old Cape Cod. She was well fitted to the task, coming from a seafaring family—her great-uncle was master of the *Flying Cloud* and her grandfather a whaling-ship captain.

In her new book, "The Mutinous Wind," Miss Reynard returns to the Great Sea Hook and its old legends of the Sea Witch and pirate Black Sam Bellamy; of the Sand Dobbies, goblins with enormous ears and webbed feet, who, though similar to the elves and leprechauns of the Old World, are unique in the American folk tradition. This time, however, she weaves the legendary figures into a single, continuous narrative containing the elements of both the earlier and later forms of Cape balladry and folklore to make a new supernatural fantasy.

The beautiful witch, Mistress Maria Hallett, with shining corn-colored hair and sea-blue eyes, is kindly and soft-spoken. She practises white magic in Eastham, casting beneficent spells that between 1708 and 1717 brought miraculous good fortune to all the ships and captains of Cape Cod. But in order to get a ship for her beloved, Sam Bellamy, Maria has sold her soul to a mysterious Old Comer, and Sam has sailed away to become a cruel pirate, never to return until the night of the great storm. Poor Maria is stoned for a witch by the village goodwives and driven to living by herself in a house on the secret island of the golden marsh.

Other figures in the story include Jeremy, a remarkably self-reliant small boy, and Bimini, his dog; there are sturdy seafarers and their outspoken womenfolk and the stalwart, good Captain Caleb Snow, Jeremy's father, who cannot abandon a ship—even a pirate ship—and the doughty spinster Samantha Doane.

We visit the enchanted swamp where creatures talk English, we watch the mischievous Sand Dobbies riding on hawk back or baiting a horse to madness. We sail on the pirate ship, the *Paradise Bird*, with teak-wood decks and a carven poop, "the loveliest ship on the Seven Seas."

The tale is told as gravely and as calmly as a children's story, the marvelous and the miraculous intermingled with the everyday. Obviously

(*Continued on page 26*)

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Belles-Lettres.

Bibliophilism, a delightsome disease, can assume as many and as varied forms as more malignant ailments, as the shelf of books reviewed below makes abundantly clear. The bibliomaniac ravenously accumulates books about a beloved subject, as Wilmarth Lewis has about Horace Walpole and eighteenth-century England; he recounts his experiences in "Collector's Progress." The bibliolater reveres only particular books; when the object of his affection is a work as great as Homer's "Iliad" (available in a new translation, "The Wrath of Achilles," by I. A. Richards) the devotion is rewarding. Rage for the literary past can take at least two forms: for trends and for certain writers. Malcolm Cowley's "Exile's Return" is a revision of his 1934 book about the output of the 1920s. "The Tolstoy Home," based on the diaries of Leo Tolstoy's daughter, provides invaluable glimpses of the great novelist en famille.

The New Seacoast of Bohemia

EXILE'S RETURN. By Malcolm Cowley. New York: Viking Press. 308 pp. $3.50.

By Joseph Wood Krutch

NOT MANY years ago the present reviewer said a few kind words about the 1920s in this very magazine. His modest protest that they were not exclusively the age of petting parties and bathtub gin was passed over as an example of harmless derangement, but today the same remarks would seem as obvious and fatuous as a defense of Henry James or a protest that "Moby Dick" is not unreadable.

In America literary critics behave much like interior decorators. As soon as a writer's brief vogue is passed his works are removed hastily to the attic from which after a remarkably brief period of time they are again brought reverently forth as precious antiques. Whether or not the latest mode which centers about an enthusiasm for F. Scott Fitzgerald will last any longer than that enthusiasm for Victorian bric-a-brac which flourished a few years ago remains to be seen. While it lasts a good many analogues to baby shoes and Rogers's Groups will be admiringly displayed, but it may also very well be that certain permanently interesting works will be dusted off.

Malcolm Cowley's book was first published in 1934 as a sort of Farewell to All That. It is reprinted now—somewhat revised and with the addition of a new prologue and epilogue—primarily, no doubt, as an aid to those who were born too late to have acquired at first hand that knowledge of the atmosphere and the mores of the Twenties which has now become a cultural necessity. In many respects the book is admirably suited to the purpose. For one thing Mr. Cowley is entitled to boast (in words somewhat diluted from Virgil) "much of it I saw and part of it I was." Indeed, his career followed lines remarkably faithful to what has come to seem the norm of his generation. He was a volunteer before the United States officially entered the First World War; an expatriate in France during the Twenties; an expositor of social significance during the Thirties; and now in the Fifties he is a re-evaluator of the Jazz Age. For another thing, he actually did have contacts, sometimes intimate and sometimes casual, with a great many of the famous characters of the epoch so that he is not in the embarrassing position of some of us who must echo the plaint voiced a few weeks ago in *The New Yorker* by Robert Hillyer upon finding himself suddenly an object of interest to youths who have just realized that he was, as a student once put it to me, "alive during the F. Scott Fitzgerald period."

—*Arni.*

Malcolm Cowley—"punched a café-keeper."

"Were Scott and Zelda fun?" (I cannot bear
To let them know I never met the pair.)

. . . .

"Why did young intellectuals leave home?"
"Did Joyce and Gertrude Stein frequent the Dôme?"
(By good Queen Mary's hats! Must I be frank?
I dined at Vefour's on the bourgeois Bank.)

"Exile's Return" is half autobiography, half reminiscence and evaluation of prominent individuals or "movements" from Symbolism to the Dadaists. Mr. Cowley's estimate of his most successful elder contemporaries, including Joyce, Eliot, and Proust, is cool and on the whole rather remarkably far this side of idolatry. But these evaluations do not seem unjust, and his picture of life on the Left Bank and in Greenwich Village is highly colored without being exaggerated, if it be taken merely for what it professes to be, namely, the description of a particular group. He has a theory that Bohemia as distinguished from Grub Street is a comparatively recent phenomenon for which Henri Murger is in some measure responsible, but he does not very seriously consider a question of some interest—the question, that is to say, of the extent to which bohemian life favors or interferes with artistic achievement. Are Hemingway's truculence and his fondness for shooting things virtues or defects? Mr. Cowley makes a good deal of the time when he himself punched a café-keeper in the face and was taken off to the police court. But was or was not such an incident important in the development of his own artistic career?

Perhaps an answer to a less extravagant form of the question is implied by the fact that his own interest seems to be principally in those writers who either lived in Bohemia or were at least highly respected by it; and so far as America is concerned only the members of one group seem to exist. Thus, Floyd Dell, Gorham Munson, Hendrik Van Loon, and Burton Rascoe come in for at least incidental reference, while Stuart Sherman, Carl and Mark Van Doren, and Walter Lippmann do not. Similarly, while there is a good deal about *Broom*, with which, to be sure, Mr. Cowley was prominently connected, *The American Mercury* seems

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to be regarded as a mere bourgeois enterprise.

It is a defensible point of view. If Eliot and Joyce were not bohemians neither did they quite belong with the genteel group, and if Fitzgerald is now to be added to the list of Giants he is certainly an item of evidence for the defenders of the thesis that the wild party is an essential part of the literary life. But one thing is certain. If only those who have chaos within can give birth to a dancing star, then the members of their entourage have to be prepared to go through a great many gyrations in keeping up with the currently acceptable tastes and opinions. They are very likely, for instance, to have to be esthetes in one decade, Marxians in another, and worshipers of Henry James in the next. They must be all for Form one month and all for Content the next. They must idolize at one time the writer whom they cast into outer darkness soon after, and moral as well as political opinions must be changed regularly.

Even Mr. Cowley, a relatively stable man, remarks merely in passing that he has omitted from the new edition of "Exile's Return" most of the political opinions it formerly contained. Those who were never as much in the thick of things as he was remain longer in their middle positions. Certain novelists and poets were never either esthetes or Marxians, never all for Pure Form or all for Social Significance. They never thought Henry James (or F. Scott Fitzgerald) either as worthless or as godlike as successive fashions make them out. But perhaps, as the more volatile seem sure, such people were always merely dull. I am not, I hasten to add, saying that Malcolm Cowley himself went through all these gyrations but merely that they are characteristic of the generation and the type whose history is told, often quite admirably, in this volume.

Walpole & the Sagacious Hunters

COLLECTOR'S PROGRESS. By Wilmarth Lewis. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 253 pp. $5.

By Leonard Bacon

THIS vivid, charming, and penetrating book ought to interest anyone above the level of "the intellectual non-combatant." It is not only the history of a collector extraordinary and his extraordinary collection, but it is an extra-illustrated study of men and manners in the eighteenth century and, incidentally, the twentieth. Moreover, Horace Walpole, whose letters, literary works, library, and "relics" are the collection, has seldom if ever been more intelligently and amusingly elucidated, to such an extent that "Collector's Progress" seems to this reviewer's sight a sort of necessary and most diverting super-footnote to Wilmarth Lewis's edition of Walpole's correspondence which the Collection has made possible.

If a Tibetan lama, endowed with such intelligence as James Hilton without producing evidence somewhat surprisingly attributes to Tibetan lamas, were to read this book, I think he might get a glimmering of the wisdom, the wit, the charm, and the importance to him—and to us—of the vision and the action of the eighteenth century in Western Europe. He might even order "Collector's Progress," and, after some rumination about rates of exchange, the great edition for the library of Shangri-la. For Mr. Lewis has taken fully to heart the remark of Dr. Tinker, his great preceptor and mine: "It is not easy to populate a period with its people." This is what has to be done if any period is to be understood. And in the great edition and various ancillary works he has brilliantly succeeded at the task of making names in footnotes and insipid portraits turn into the solid and the three-dimensional.

As Mr. Lewis notices, that still entertaining essayist Lord Macaulay did his flat-footed best to run down Walpole, just as he did his damnedest to run down Boswell. Macaulay's vogue was enormous, and his belief in his own frequently shallow and platitudinous infallibility amounted to auto-eroticism. That he might be guilty of an error in taste, a deficiency in sympathy, or a psychological incapacity to estimate justly personalities unlike his own seems never to have flickered across the mirror of his mind, which was not so much a mind as an appallingly retentive memory. And for that reason Macaulay's pictured page will probably never be edited hereafter with such care as is now, because of the revenge of Time, bestowed on the work of a man whom he pilloried as a "fribble" and a dilettante.

Mr. Lewis says that he and his colleagues have done something to alter our views on a Man and a Time. Done something! Already he can signal, "Mission accomplished." And Horace Walpole, who never took himself seriously, is at this writing a figure, whose opinions on men, manners, events, literature, and art do not necessarily have to be agreed with but illuminate brilliantly six decades of an age when an empire came into being, met a colossal setback, and gathered itself together for yet severer ordeals.

The history of the collection of manuscripts and books at Farmington, which have enabled Mr. Lewis and his Tenth Legion to bring off their triumphs, is as exciting as the conquest of Mexicos and Perus and far more human. Wild hunches pay off. Coincidence is rampant, for, as Mr. Lewis notices, Walpole's principle

Floyd Dell, Gorham Munson, Burton Rascoe, Hendrik Van Loon—"not exclusively the age of petting parties and bathtub gin."

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of "serendipity" governs the physics of collecting. Seymour de Ricci, Paget Toynbee, Robin Flower, booksellers upright and slantindicular, country gentlemen who think that somewhere in the manor house there may be something worth a Walpolian's while, all sorts and conditions of men, speaking as if in the flesh before you, provide clues to discovery still going on with unhurrying pace, deliberate speed.

And the happy upshot to date has been the recovery in one way or another of nearly 60 per cent of the letters known to have been written by Walpole and a huge chunk of the Strawberry Hill library, each item important for Mr. Lewis's purpose, which is to get on paper "the most important record of the eighteenth century." Mr. Lewis is a sagacious hunter, and luck has been with him, but, fully aware of this, he has pointed out "how important it is to expose oneself to luck."

Perhaps the least known but not the least important by-product of these operations is "The Farmington Plan," in accordance with which many libraries now cooperate instead of competing. Some years ago Mr. Lewis lusted after a Walpole item which had somehow got into the clutches of the Folger Library in Washington, one of the great Shakespeare collections of the world. The Folger exchanged that item for a Shakespearean breast-feather in Mr. Lewis's possession, and both parties to the transaction were happier. Libraries all over the country now try to specialize sensibly rather than perish in attempt to cover every field.

The book is written with delightful ease. One or two errors of the press should be corrected in the next edition. But beyond that only an ass would carp at this account of a collection so intelligently formed and employed. If in R. W. Chapman's magnificent phrase Mr. Lewis, who quotes it, feels himself "the ephemeral custodian of a perennial treasure" he knows perfectly how such a treasure should be used. It must be pleasant for him to reflect that the late twentieth-century scholars are probably already breeched who will rewrite the history of a great epoch, using as one of their principal sources of light the wonderful "Yale Edition of Horace Walpole's Correspondence," which came into being because a very young man thought that book collecting might be fun.

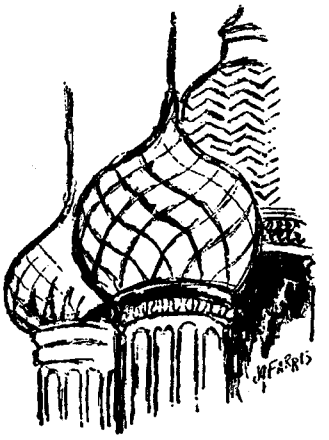
Leonard Bacon, poet, critic, and translator, is himself an ardent collector. He recently published a translation of "The Luciads of Louis De Camoes."

A Daughter Looks Back

THE TOLSTOY HOME: Diaries of Tatiana Sorkhotin-Tolstoy. Translated by Alec Brown. New York: Columbia University Press. 350 *pp.* $4.

By Janko Lavrin

DIARIES can be written either for others—with a shrewd and coquettish eye on posterity—or only for oneself. In the latter case they need not go beyond casual jottings of facts and impressions, no matter whether anybody is ever likely to read them or not. The diaries of Tolstoy's eldest daughter, Tatiana, belong to the second kind. Moreover, whereas several other members of Tolstoy's family (notably Countess Tolstoy, his sons Lev and Ilya, and his daughter Alexandra) wrote mainly about Tolstoy himself, Tatiana shifts her attention to Tolstoy's homelife as she knew it from her thirteenth year onward at Yasnaya Polyana and later also in Moscow (during the winters).



Against a background of children, relatives, tutors, governesses, neighbors, peasants, visitors, admirers, and followers Tolstoy's own figure emerges time and again but in its homelier everyday aspects. It would be wrong, though, to expect a portrait of Tolstoy *en pantoufles*, for even at home Tolstoy remained always somewhat remote from his children. "How is it that it is always so jolly with Papa," Tatiana asks in one of her early entries, "while at the same time we have no direct dealing at all with him?"

It may have been this very remoteness that fostered Tatiana's attachment to her father and even to her father's ideas, with regard to which she yet retained her own independence of judgment. Nor was she blind to the growing rift between her parents after Tolstoy's "conversion" to his own brand of Christian love and meekness. "I am terribly displeased with Mamma," she wrote on May 29, 1882. "She always complains how unhappy she is; today she told Urusov how Papa bullied her in Moscow. Now, I don't like that." On December 17, 1890, she even recorded Tolstoy's threat to leave family and home "for his own peace of mind"—exactly twenty years before its actual fulfilment. And what an ominous (though unjust) implication is contained in these few lines: "Mamma says that like all Tolstoys I am a vampire. I squeeze people dry and drop them."

As the diaries deal with the crucial years between 1878 and 1910 we are given quite a few glimpses into Tolstoy's personal crisis and also into his repeated though futile attempts to make his life agree with his own teaching. Still, as years go on the authoress is increasingly interested in her own inner world, but always with at least some reference to her father. We learn a lot about her moods and loves, her passion for painting, as well as about her belated marriage, after which she records — with tragic dryness — the successive births of several stillborn children.

Taking the diaries as a whole the first half of them is more satisfactory than the later portions which are rather disjointed and interspersed with all sorts of mishaps. At the beginning of 1894 Tatiana actually hurried to Paris in order to save her brother Lev from the worst consequences of a nervous and physical breakdown. Incidentally, during her brief stay in Paris she found out that the last book Maupassant had read before losing his reason was her father's "The Death of Ivan Ilyich"—hardly a good tonic for a man who is on the verge of insanity.

After her marriage Tatiana's "direct dealing" with her father naturally became even rarer than before. At the same time the gaps between her entries kept growing. The impact on Tolstoy's mind and home of the first Russian Revolution in 1905 is not mentioned at all. Even the news of Tolstoy's flight and death in the autumn of 1910 reaches us only as a faint echo. Such defects spring, however, from Tatiana's honesty, since she describes only what she has witnessed.

The charm and the value of these diaries are due precisely to the fact that we are allowed to watch one of the greatest writers in what was often the humdrum round of everyday existence. And as we do this we cannot but admire the understanding sympathy and the fairness with which the author tried to convey some of the less-known aspects of Tolstoy's life.

Janko Lavrin is the author of "Introduction to the Russian Novel," "Tolstoy: An Approach," "From Pushkin to Mayakovsky," and other books.

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Get Down Your Guitar

SHANTYMEN AND SHANTYBOYS. By William Doerflinger. New York: The Macmillan Co. 374 pp. $8.

By Robert E. Spiller

THE FIRST thing to get straight, if you are not yourself a folklorist, is that a shantyman is not a shantyboy; in fact, they are related only in that they sing. A shantyman is a deep-sea sailor, and the "shanty" that he sings might be more correctly spelled "chanty," originally the chant that the chanter "sang out" to keep his fellows in unison while they hoisted the yards or hauled on the bowlins (if that's what sailors do). A shantyboy, on the other hand, is so-called becaused he lived in a shanty, a log hut or barracks in the Northern forests from Maine and New Brunswick to British Columbia. His songs were not work-songs; rather they were the traditional ballads sung for entertainment after the long day of felling trees and hauling logs was over. The sailor, too, had his shantys in this sense, and—such is the character of folk song—often a poem like "The Ocean Burial," printed first in the *Southern Literary Messenger* in 1839, was set to music as a deep-sea song and later transferred to the lone prairie or the tall timber. So even though the distinction is there you might as well forget it.

Mr. Doerflinger is an enthusiastic collector rather than a scholar in the narrow sense, and he, too, observes these fine distinctions only as a convenient way of keeping the sailors and the lumbermen in their separate chapters. Doubtless he wields a mean guitar—which is probably the reason for this particular collection, made during his long years as a social worker and editor in New York City. Some of the songs he found himself, at sea or in the woods or from the shellbacks now safely in port at Sailors' Snug Harbor on Staten Island; others were loaned to him in recordings or manuscripts by the Archives of American Folklore of the Library of Congress or by other public or private collections. There is much helpful collaboration as well as much bitter rivalry in the growing fraternity of ballad collectors.

There are also many theories about how these songs should be preserved —whether there is one original and correct version, a limited number of versions which are equally correct, or as many versions as there are singers or even renditions. Mr. Doerflinger is a loose constructionist in this controversy, tying the shanty very closely to the singer from whom he got it, such as the sailors Dick Maitland or Captain Tayluer or the lumberwoods bard Larry Gorman. Early ballad collectors like Professor F. J. Child tended to weigh down their songs with much sound scholarship, whereas Mr. Doerflinger gives us such facts as he has in a gossipy fashion that restores the songs to their native settings.

Running commentary on each song as it is presented and an occasional article on such technical matters as the rigging of sailing ships or the method of getting logs off the mountains and down into the streams take the place of learned generalizations. In such a relaxed situation as this the true shantyman may still make such changes as he wishes in text or music—just so long as he is the true shantyman—but the modern scholar or singer must be faithful to the version that is given him and make no changes of his own. Both the rigidity of learning and the anarchy of the adapter are thus safely guarded against, and the songs are only as dead as the life that created them and that still flows in their rhythms.

This then is one more book to add to your collection if you are a singer of old songs. Here you will find many favorites in interesting variations and perhaps a few surprises. So get down your guitar and we'll pull up around the fire. But we'll slide down the backstays or shout "timber-r-r" only in imagination. Softies!

Robert E. Spiller is professor of English at the University of Pennsylvania and an editor of "Literary History of the United States."

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 419

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 419 will be found in the next issue.

NUMGEGMMIRLJ (UY PAIZ

ZAV JUXXUC NVUNMV

JIMM TLJZLUCIYG) PUYTE.

—E. Z. JUMVYLTKV:

RLUKYINALI MLZVYIYLI.

Answer to Crypt No. 418

Mountains are earth's undecaying monuments.

—Hawthorne.

—Jacket design for "Shantymen and Shantyboys."

Homer for the Masses

THE WRATH OF ACHILLES. By I. A. Richards. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 208 pp. $2.50.

By C. A. Robinson, Jr.

I PICKED up this shortened translation of the "Iliad" with considerable misgivings, not only because I like my Homer complete but because I wondered how Basic English (one of the translator's several claims to fame) might mix with epic poetry. I had only to read a few pages, however, to be lost in its arresting beauty. This is a new and original version, quite unlike any other I know, yet it has Homer's character, something of his ornateness, and a good deal of his simplicity, rhythm, and momentum.

Professor Richards has boldly cut down the text in the interest of the action in order "to bring the plot out into the fullest clarity, and at the same time to parallel this clarification of the action with a simplification of the English" he has used. His aim, in fact, is to make the "Iliad" accessible to the great masses of men, including the many who (cataclysms apart) will learn English as a second tongue during this century. No "contemporary English or American fiction or poetry can in an equal time help a Chinese, for example, to as clear and just a view" of our culture.

As Professor Richards says, we can find in the "Iliad" the ancestors to very important things which are still characteristic of Western culture, especially a poetic enjoyment of the foreknowledge of death. The "Iliad" is certainly the place where the note of death and destruction sounds most insistently—a note to which modern ears are being tuned.

It gave me something of a start to read in the informative introduction that "specialized scholarship today rarely has any direct concern with the general reader." Actually, this is

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the third translation of the "Iliad" published in the United States in the past year, surely a tribute at once to Homer's inexhaustible vitality and to professional interest in making him known to modern audiences. I then reflected that one of these translations—the beautifully poetic version of Chase and Perry—has Andover origins; Rouse's vigorous translation is the work of a British schoolmaster; and Richards himself is no classical "specialist."

At least it is true that research has little meaning unless it is also brought into connection with the world at large. We must be grateful to Professor Richards as much for an immense learning that has a regard for one's fellow man as for a poetic touch that reaches our spirit through the ear no less than the eye.

C. A. Robinson, Jr., is professor of classics at Brown University and author of "Ancient History," "Alexander the Great," and other books.

Belles-Lettres Notes

CONGREVE'S PLAYS ON THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY STAGE. By Emmet L. Avery. Modern Language Association, New York. $3.75. Congreve's brilliant comedies of manners have a vitality that is perennial. Only this season a student production of "The Way of the World" at Columbia's Brander Matthews Theatre was as buoyant and sophisticated as any half dozen of today's hits laid end to end. In his short career Congreve wrote three other comedies and one tragedy and then retired to play the gentleman. One of his discouragements was the attack on the immorality of the stage launched by a self-appointed clergyman censor. The outcome of that struggle between "comedy and conscience" (in Krutch's phrase) was not immediately decisive.

How popular were Congreve's plays in the century that followed the attack? This question, as well as their critical reception and their casts of players, is thoroughly investigated by Emmet L. Avery. He shows how the plays were extremely popular until the middle of the century, when they began to decline. Among the reasons were actors like David Garrick, who did not favor what they could not shine in, and an intensified religious morality that frowned on sin even when it was accompanied by witty epigrams. Often, then, the plays were revised to accord with the stricter morality, as Mr. Avery shows in an appendix. But they continued to decline in favor of sentimental comedy

(*Continued on page* 29)

The School & Society.

Thanks to the yeoman service of thousands of ordinary citizens working through national organizations and on community committees, the critical problems and the unrealized opportunities of American schools and colleges are now being examined and pondered as never before in our history. The ten books reviewed here should help in that enterprise, for they treat our vast educational system from half a dozen approaches, a few provocatively, almost all usefully. The public school is the subject of Earl Conrad's book, the private school of Allan V. Heely's; the role of television in education is discussed in Robert Lewis Shayon's book, examinations for admission to college in one by Claude M. Fuess; six volumes assay college teaching as an art and a science, two others are concerned with the role of religion in education.

A Father Speaks His Mind

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL SCANDAL. A Documented Exposé. By Earl Conrad. New York: The John Day Company. 270 *pp.* $3.50.

By Fred M. Hechinger

A REFORMER can hope to be successful only if he creates a strong and unshakable feeling that the institution he is trying to reform is worth the effort. By failing to do so Earl Conrad passes up a magnificent chance to point up constructively all the many areas in the public-school system which need reforming. He left this reader (who fortunately knows better) with the impression that support of the system, much like Senator Taft's dicta on Western Europe, might just get us to pouring good money down a rat hole.

There is one mitigating circumstance due Mr. Conrad: he is a father. Little Mike Conrad, who is an exceptional child, did not get on well in school and was given sadly little sensible help from either parents or teachers. When Mike brought home a "behavior report" which asked for the parents' signature Mr. Conrad told his wife: "I think this is the building of a police dossier on Mike." He refused to sign. Usually it would seem unfair to reflect on an author's private job as a parent. Unfortunately, Mr. Conrad insists on making a spectacle of this highly personal matter and bases much of his attack on the state of public education on such subjective findings.

But while the father's attitudes are important to the understanding of the book, the really fundamental difficulty which blocks the author's vision is his determination to reduce as much of the problem as possible to the level of economic control and interest. "Big business" thereby becomes the villain. More specifically the book refers to "that period in American educational history when the mechanization of public schools began, when big business stamped its imprint on each child: 'Made in USA — Patent Pending'."

This is a ludicrous charge on several points. First, it might be remembered that this same "big business"-designed system is currently being accused by Right Wingers of being dominated by sinister "progressive" elements or worse. But, even more important, whatever patent may be pending for the system, it has long been acknowledged as the bedrock of all democratic and popular government and imitated — copyright being liberally granted to all comers —in many countries whenever they got ready to move toward greater freedom.

Mr. Conrad regards the free- and compulsory-education system as "a nice expression covering up an actual draft." He objects to the compulsion of having children go to school at a certain age rather than whenever they are ready for it. But, while the ideal solution would obviously be to permit

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parents and child guidance experts to decide on such matters individually, it is equally plain that this utopian thought cannot be applied to a public-education system which now takes care of thirty million children annually. Nor has Mr. Conrad proven to this reader's satisfaction that parents could safely be trusted to make these vital decisions objectively.

A heart-rending chapter describes the horrors of homework, the disruption caused by this needless torture in the peace-loving home, and the cruel pressure it puts on the delicate child.

"This extra burden," we are informed, "on the seven-, eight-, and nine-year-olds represents the margin between normalcy and maladjustment in hundreds of thousands of cases." Mr. Conrad believes that "whatever childhood is anywhere else in the world, it is no delight for millions of children in the United States. . . . For millions of American children we have only exchanged child labor in the factories for child struggle in the schools." The fact is—and it is easily documented—that despite all of its much-admitted imperfections the public school could not seriously be accused of overburdening its pupils.

There are many other glaring inaccuracies, mixed so unfortunately with justified criticisms as to make the entire approach useless to those who are seriously interested in improving the school system. In a totally distorted record of last year's dismissal of eight New York City teachers for alleged Communist ties the book implies that racial and religious discrimination played a part and states flatly that a public hearing had been denied to teachers. The record shows lengthy and fair hearings by trial examiner Theodore Kiendl, and there is absolutely no proof or even indication of religious bias in the case.

While he seems to shrug off the Teachers' Guild, an AFL affiliate, Mr. Conrad appears greatly preoccupied with the Teacher's Union which enrolls only a small minority of the city's teachers, has previously been expelled from the CIO on charges of Communist domination, and is no longer recognized by the New York City Board of Education.

There is a wide public composed of educators and ordinary citizens anxiously waiting for a good and fearless book which will point up the ills and inadequacies of the public schools along with their great achievements, so that much-needed reforms can be brought about. Mr. Conrad still keeps us waiting for that book.

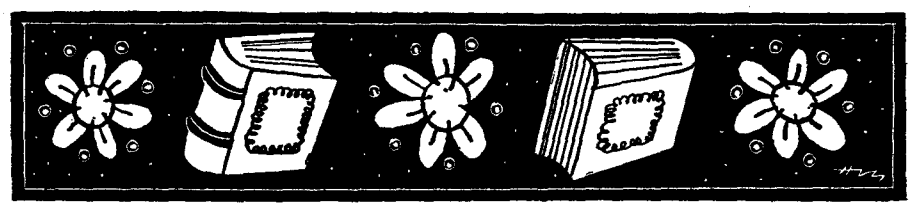
Fred M. Hechinger is education-news editor of the New York Herald Tribune.

As Good as It Wants to Be

WHY THE PRIVATE SCHOOL? By Allan V. Heely. New York: Harper & Bros. 208 pp. $3.

By CLAUDE M. FUESS

THE HEADMASTER of the Lawrenceville School out of his rich professional experience has written a fine book on the American private school—a book refreshingly free from the extravagant claims, technical jargon, irritating clichés, and the overemphasis on mere tradition which so frequently have marred previous volumes on the subject. Admitting that the average citizen believes the private schools to be "insignificant if not contemptible," Dr. Heely aims to explain rather than to defend and appears less as a propagandist than as an unprejudiced measurer of values. Typical of his method is a passage in which he analyzes with commendable impartiality the relative merits of the private day school and the boarding school. Furthermore, his own attitude toward the public schools is free from even veiled superciliousness. Without any tremors he leads to the slaughter some of the most sacred pedagogical cows. The tone and temper of the book are admirable and should win the author readers even from those who view the private school with suspicion.



Dealing with ideas and policies rather than with personalities, Dr. Heely covers two major topics: the place of the private school and the program of the private school. Under those heads he manages to deal with nearly every problem which the private school has to face, including the curriculum, student government (which he regards with some amiable skepticism), disciplinary difficulties, practical psychiatry (on which there is a very illuminating chapter), college-entrance examinations, extracurricular sideshows, and the relation of the school to the community. He indulges in no sentimental hysteria over the Old School Tie. Indeed, he skilfully avoids the emotional approach but proceeds with enough wit to attract attention and enough seriousness to provoke thought. I confess that I find in this volume very little with which to disagree—perhaps one of the reasons why I have enjoyed it so much.

In the concluding chapter Dr. Heely puts himself on record as believing that education has, or should have, a moral end and that religion therefore "is the rock upon which the whole program of our schools should be set." The famous Dr. Thomas Arnold incurred the ridicule of Lytton Strachey for his pronouncement in Rugby Chapel: "I repeat now: what we must look for here is, first, religious and moral principle; secondly, gentlemanly conduct; thirdly, intellectual ability." Stated thus baldly this does seem to be a rather prim Victorian philosophy, a corollary of Kingsley's "Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever." But Dr. Heely is careful to interpret "religious training" broadly enough so that it does not result in a narrow or negative piety. He insists that the American private school if it is to retain the confidence of its natural clientele should be avowedly and positively Christian—that it should aim primarily to build character—and in this judgment he is, *me judice*, absolutely right.

Dr. Heely anticipates criticism by admitting that some private schools are "socially exclusive" and by warning his fellow schoolmen that they had better cultivate democracy. It is highly important, he says, that these schools should establish themselves in the popular mind as instruments of public service, not as "hotbeds of privilege." Here he is on firm ground. The private school in the United States has made a contribution to society far out of proportion to its numbers and resources; and, as Dr. Heely remarks in the beginning, it "enjoys the peculiar advantage that it can be as good as it wants to be, if it can find out what that is." Its opportunities are limitless—at least unless our present social and economic structure collapses; and Dr. Heely in pointing out what it ought to become and in demanding "bold, courageous leadership" has uttered words to which all those interested in the private school should give heed.

Claude M. Fuess was teacher (1908-33) *and headmaster* (1933-47) *at Phillips Academy at Andover, Mass.*

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The Teacher's Tools

THE ART OF TEACHING. By Gilbert Highet. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 282 pp. $3.50.

By Howard Mumford Jones

REFRESHING as a salt breeze on a sultry day, Gilbert Highet's discussion of teaching differs sharply from most books on pedagogy by emphasizing the teacher as artist rather than the teacher as psychologist. I hasten to add that in so doing Professor Highet writes rational discourse, not emotion, and that his theorizing and his examples of current theory and past practice are intellectually ordered, as good art should be. Where much is sensibly said it is invidious to single out special discussions, but among other novelties is his statement that a good lecture is quite as educational as recitation work or the famous and rather overpraised tutorial method. Every other discussion of lecture courses I have recently read has treated them as evils to be got rid of. Mr. Highet assumes that there is profit in good lecturing—in that clear and rational discourse concerning a field of knowledge in which the speaker is competent, which is the ideal of lecturing. Indeed, he even thinks that television may give lecturing a great boost, though it may modify the existing method.

"The Art of Teaching" is excellent discourse but of limited application, and if I now seek to show the boundaries of the book it is in no spirit of ingratitude. Mr. Highet was brought up in the traditional British educational pattern and is currently a professor of the classics. Inevitably, therefore, his book displays rather more familiarity with the instruction of boys and young men than it does with the instruction of girls and young women, and inevitably it tacitly assumes that the teacher is a man, most of the references to the female teacher being casual. Inevitably, also, it draws its examples and bases its theorizing in large measure upon the humanities.

All this is understandable. The humanities in this country exist largely as they are taught—that is, they do not, like social work or *expertise* in economics, move into public life immediately nor do they, like science, turn up as industry, patent rights, or organized destruction in our culture. Mr. Highet does not ignore either science or the social sciences, but his choosing Louis Agassiz as historically an admriable science teacher is based, so to speak, upon the famous anecdote about Agassiz's shutting a student into a room with a dead fish, some paper, and a pencil. I think the problem of science teaching can no longer be settled on naïve lines. Mr. Highet says nothing about the vexed problem of laboratory instruction *vs.* general theory or the relation of specialization to philosophy in this vast and influential field. In one sense the art of teaching is one and indivisible; but there is a fundamental chasm which sets the humanities apart from the other two-thirds of the educational circle, at least in America.

Civilized as Mr. Highet's essays are, I do not see how they are going to mesh with the biggest teaching problem in the United States—that of the public school in an inflationary period. His admirable injunctions to the teacher to keep alive, to review his original sources before each class, to read widely, to study his pupils, may have through no fault of Mr. Highet a rather hollow ring to the ear of a state-university instructor in English facing four sections of thirty freshmen each and reading and grading 120 themes each week. They become an unattainable ideal for many a high-school teacher with five classes of forty pupils meeting every day for fifty minutes, a sixth class for study hour, and a teachers' meeting or other extracurricular activity after school hours. They become almost fantastic in connection with the grade-school teacher of (let us say gently) inferior cultural status, low pay, long hours, and inadequate matrimonial prospects, whose life is cribbed, cabined, and confined by agreements and contracts studied some years ago by Howard K. Beale in a disturbing book. That book set out to discover whether teachers are really free as human beings. The answer was emphatically that most of them are not. Nothing in post-war development indicates that the situation has bettered itself, and almost everything indicates it is worse.

Mr. Highet is disturbed by the case of a man who came to a summer school for a refresher course in elementary French and who steadfastly refused to interest himself in the comedies of Molière. I think I understand this man and his enthusiasm for basketball rather better than the anecdote seems to imply that the summer-school adviser did. In short, the teaching situation in the country at large has steadily deteriorated in a manner that Mr. Highet's sparkling pages scarcely envision. This is not Mr. Highet's fault and has nothing to do with his admirable prose; but readers who solace themselves with the pleasing assumption that all the teacher has to do is to follow Mr. Highet's injunctions had better drift into almost any overcrowded public school and watch.

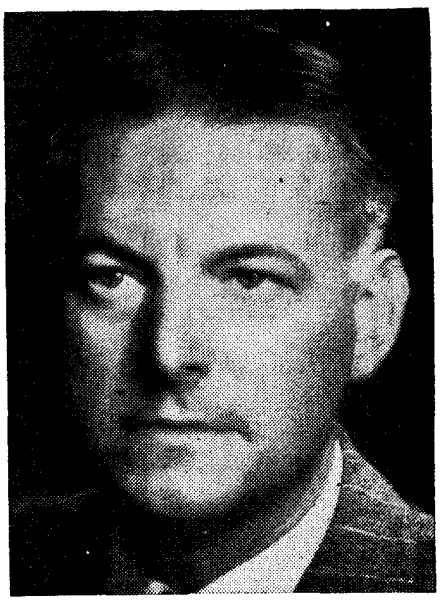
• *Howard Mumford Jones is professor of English at Harvard University.*

—*Lotte Jacobi.*

Earl Conrad—"objects to compulsion."

—*Blackstone Studios.*

Allan V. Heely—"positively Christian."



Gilbert Highet—"excellent discourse."

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A Two-Way Art

ESSAYS IN TEACHING. Edited by Harold Taylor. New York: Harper & Bros. 239 *pp.* $3.

TWO SIDES TO A TEACHER'S DESK. By Max S. Marshall. New York: The Macmillan Co. 284 *pp.* $3.

THE STUDENT LOOKS AT HIS TEACHER. By John W. Riley, Jr., Bryce F. Ryan, Marcia Lifshitz. New Brunswick, N. J.: Rutgers University Press. 166 *pp.* $2.75.

By Logan Wilson

OF ALL the arts the art of teaching is the oldest, the most widely practised, and, paradoxically, the least advanced. In the profession of teaching it is even stranger that the teaching process is carried on most casually on the higher rather than lower levels. The union card of the academic profession, the Ph.D., offers some assurance of scholarly attainment but absolutely none as to pedagogical skill. One frequently hears the charge that college and university teaching on the average is not as good as it once was. Whether or not this is true, it is certainly encouraging of late to note the appearance of several very timely books pointing in a forward direction.

These three books look at teaching from a different point of view, and each has something of import to say to all who may have a stake in the central objectives of higher education.

More philosophic in its approach than the other two volumes is "Essays in Teaching," a symposium by twelve members of the Sarah Lawrence faculty, edited by their president, Harold Taylor. President Taylor and Dean Raushenbush delineate the general aims and methods of their institution, and the other contributors show how literature, the arts, social studies, and natural sciences are taught on a campus where the stress is on free inquiry and intimate association between teachers and students. In an assembly-line era of the higher learning the Sarah Lawrence plan represents an unusual combination of the new and relatively untried (*e.g.*, lack of any prearranged curriculum) together with the old and long-neglected (*e.g.*, democracy in faculty-student relations). The results are enthusiastically described, and they merit wide study. Adoption of certain features of the plan would help to offset much that is now wrong with teaching and learning, particularly in the larger colleges and universities.

But every educational scheme has its inherent vices as well as virtues, and none works equally well for all students, teachers, and institutions. If there were an ideal pattern for all, varying circumstances would prevent its universal adoption. These essayists, to be sure, make no claims to the contrary, but here and there one notices a tendency toward pontification. Even so, missionary zeal is not too plentiful among educators today, and the Sarah Lawrence group is to be commended for broadcasting its message.

"Two Sides to a Teacher's Desk" espouses no special educational theory or doctrine. Drawing upon a lifetime of keen observation as a teacher, Max S. Marshall (School of Medicine, University of California) has produced a salty book which more than lives up to the "Enormously refreshing!" of the publisher's blurb. It stems in large part from shrewd insights obtained first hand and is obviously the work of a man who senses the subtly human aspects of situations. The author's heterodox and individualistic views are not excuses simply for being witty and humorous (which he is) about academic conventions but are by-products of an honest and direct approach to the basic problems of teaching. The result is a highly readable and very useful volume.

Considered here are such broad topics as the educational goal, techniques, and principles, evaluation, the student's place, and "the administrator's side." There is a down-to-earth treatment of lectures, textbooks, assignments, visual aids, term papers, laboratory methods, grades and records, and so on. But what the author has to say is a far cry from what one usually finds in pedagogical treatises (of which he is justly suspicious). Most of his observations are common-sense generalizations, yet they are surprisingly fresh and stimulating.

Professor Marshall stanchly opposes authoritarianism and strait-jacketing in any form. His point of view appears in such remarks as, "I hope the day has passed when the students' place is to stay in it," and "The most irrefutable rule for qualifications of teachers is that there shall be no formula for them." Academic sticklers are likely to be annoyed by an iconoclastic attitude toward much that is sacrosanct, and others will note that the author pushes hard some purely personal views about such matters as academic freedom, marking systems, and honor societies. He does not advocate foisting pet notions of his own upon the multitude, nevertheless, and is consistently fair-minded, candid rather than cynical, and keenly perceptive as well as acutely critical.

Riley, Ryan, and Lifshitz's "The Student Looks at His Teacher" also recognizes that teaching is a "two-way process." Unlike the other books, however, it reports the results of an entirely different kind of inquiry into the nature of teaching. Although not a pioneer type of research with respect to the supposedly objective methods used, it is certainly the most ambitious and careful study ever made of student ratings and their implications.

Especially interesting is the ingenious use of statistical methods to get at some hitherto elusive aspects of the teaching process and at the light they throw upon the contrast between appearance and reality. This study suggests that there is too commonly a sharp discrepancy between what students want from their teachers and what they get from them. It shows how good (and poor) teachers may be identified more objectively than through reliance on gossip and hearsay. Worthy of note also is the reaction of classroom instructors to the student consensus about how well they are doing their jobs. As is generally known, of course, formalized student evaluations are anathema to many teachers who have never tried them. This book ought to be required reading for all such persons. Although there may be some question about the general validity of any inquiry of this type, the only obvious limitation upon its general significance is that the student population of Brooklyn College hardly represents a cross section of American undergraduates. The findings and their implications, nonetheless, warrant thoughtful examination throughout the academic world.

In conclusion it should be said that teaching is a very personal kind of activity. This being so it will doubtless always remain an art which cannot be reduced to precise formulation. Yet the arts no less than the sciences can be advanced by inquiry and analysis, and it is to be hoped that more teachers will develop a critical attitude toward *how* they teach as well as toward *what* they teach.

Logan Wilson, dean of Newcomb College, Tulane University, is the author of "The Academic Man."

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They Put an End to Chaos

THE COLLEGE BOARD: Its First Fifty Years. By Claude M. Fuess. New York: Columbia University Press. 222 pp. $2.75.

By William S. Lynch

AFTER fifty years of them there cannot be many of us who have not been impressed in some form or other by the "College Boards." Tens of thousands of Americans have met them on the way to what we sometimes call higher education. As much as any of the many social and economic forces which determine whether or not a young person will go to college they have been the deciding factor in the lives of many. Even more widespread is their indirect influence on the teaching of millions of boys and girls in our schools and colleges.

From the archives of the Board and its testing experts could be gleaned some of the loveliest bits of comic relief known to the teaching fraternity. Where else save in the works of J. Wesley Smith could one find Macbeth portrayed as a "typical husband, courageous and strong when away from home"? Or a more probing text for the higher criticism than "he sees everything at once and writes them down in that order"?

Fascinating as the subject may be, the collecting of "boners" is not even the tertiary purpose of the College Entrance Examination Board. But that its members have the saving grace of humor as well as the deepest sense of their responsibilities to bring into our colleges those who can best be served by them is evident in this modest but impressive history of the Board by Claude M. Fuess. A half century is a respectable age for any institution to look back upon itself to find some reasons for its existence and to trace in names and ideas the forces which have made it what it is. This is what the author has done, from the particular vantage point of one who is himself an active part of the history he records. The distinguished former headmaster of Phillips Andover Academy, he knows first hand the personalities and forces involved. Today custodian of the Board, he continues to participate in its deliberations and to take notes, we hope, for the centennial history.

It seems strange to us today to learn that before 1900 each of the colleges of America insisted on prescribing its own standards of admission. These standards differed to the point of confusion. "Princeton requires Latin of candidates for one course but none for the others. Yale demands it of all, Columbia of none. Princeton names five books of Caesar and four orations of Cicero; Yale names four books of Caesar and three books of Virgil . . . Yale calls for botany, Columbia for physics and chemistry, Princeton for no science." Small wonder that Nicholas Murray Butler entered Columbia as a student with a condition in ancient geography—he had been unable to recite in order, beginning with Greece all the way around to the Euxine, the names both in Latin and in English of the capes and the rivers of Europe.

This ludicrous and sometimes tragic chaos was brought to an end by the organization of the College Entrance Examination Board as the instrument of the Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools of the Middle States and Maryland. Originally the idea of the fabulous Charles Wilson Eliot, it took Nicholas Murray Butler to translate it into action. Under such guidance and with the help of some of the most distinguished educators in America the rugged individualists were forced to heel in this as in other fields. By the time of the First World War most of the Ivy League colleges of the East had lost their fears of regimentation and were accepting these examinations as part of their regular admission procedures. Today even the institutions of the West are overlooking the taint of Eastern domination and by joining the Board are making it a truly all-American body.

More interesting than the expansion in membership is the evolution of the examinations themselves. There is, for example, the period of "comprehensive examinations," the new plan based not on the memorization of assigned subject matter but on the candidate's ability to reason independently and to compare and correlate material from a broad field of study. This raised merry Ned with cramming and threatened the fine and profitable art of tutoring.

Whatever it failed to produce at Versailles, the First World War did popularize the intelligence test, and for decades the I. Q. was to education what the complex was to drama. Out of this came eventually the scholastic aptitude tests, a revolution of tesing methods. With it came, too, the rise of specialists who brought to the work a scientific and modern bent in keeping with the times. The skill of the Board's testing service was more than aptly demonstrated by the services it was to administer to the armed services and to the Government itself during World War II. Tens of thousands of young men were selected for various roles in the armed forces through qualifying tests administered by the Board under Government contract, a situation that gave rise to the eventual

(*Continued on page* 31)

"Miss Banks said the excuse you wrote for me was lucid, though whimsical, and for the most part convincing, but she felt you were wordy, shifting, and sometimes hollow and wooden."

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The Queen Is Dead, Long Live the Queen!

THE FACT that American feminism as a cause is as dead as a doornail does not mean that the progress of women, the feminine revolution, is receding or has come to an end. The aspects of feminism that remain in many social clubs or in a belated revival of the Lucy Stone League or the Woman Pays Club are survivals of a manner of behavior which seem to the modern young woman as quaint as the Victorian bustle or as eccentric as the tubular costumes of the Twenties. A few years after the Nineteenth Amendment to the Constitution permitted the feminine half of the population to vote it was obvious that fundamentally nothing had changed.

Women voted as people, not as a separate class, and the men and the members of their own sex who had opposed female suffrage so bitterly suddenly appeared to have been shortsighted and ridiculous. When women sought and found positions in business and in the professions there was a flurry of indignation that has not yet subsided. It was assumed that the career woman must sacrifice marriage and children, so that twenty years ago the girl who was ambitious or talented was torn by a destructive emotional conflict. For many years it did not occur to people that this was as silly as the objections to suffrage had been, that women were simply being asked to make a decision, as men have to make decisions, which would alter the pattern of their lives.

The decision is no longer childless spinsterhood versus marriage but a far more complex problem. The talented girl who leaves college or finishing school and goes to work in an office or who studies for a profession may decide to defer marriage until the job and the profession have turned into a sound career. Or she may decide to marry first and hang the consequences; she may choose to have children at once or to wait until she is thirty. It is the fact that she is now given this choice to mold her own life that is significant rather than the decision that she finally makes. This is the final accomplishment of the revolution: that women have at last become free members of society, prospectively men's equals.

The older generation, the proud fathers—if not the mothers—of bright girls immediately reversed the opinions of their own fathers and mothers. A man who had spent a small fortune in sending his daughter to schools and colleges and who was as delighted with the proofs of her ability and intelligence as if she had been a son is stricken when she marries and abandons a career and the opportunity for a later marriage to a successful, and perhaps older, man for the first youngster who takes her fancy. That she soon seems to be happy wheeling a baby carriage in the suburbs of a distant city and preparing three meals a day does not seem to be a proper recompense for his devotion and his hopes for her future. The fathers of the present generation of educated young women are now as outmoded as the Victorians, whose major function as parents was to see their daughters successfully married to the right man.

The decisions to which girls are forced today are not reached without painful doubts. Ambition is not a prerogative of the male sex. And now that the nursemaid and the domestic servant have flown out of the window marriage may mean the small apartment or the two- or three-bedroom house and many years of servitude to small children. The weary young mother who wanted to be a ballet dancer, an actress, a lawyer, doctor, or scientist is forced to look back ruefully at a lost dream, though she may sincerely believe that it was well lost for domestic love and security. She has made her choice and with few exceptions must live by it.

It is the girl who cannot make up her mind who suffers today. She may enjoy her work, the companionship of her fellows, and the independence of a room of her own. If she does not achieve the *réclame* that success might give her and cannot soon find a man she wants to marry she is in an equivocal position. There are tens of thousands of young women in this country who are discovering that you cannot in your youth have it both ways. You cannot blame them for failing to recognize that life for women, even more than for men, has become a long endurance contest. In a country where youth and romance are synonymous it is hard to wait.

THE FORCES that have moved women into their present position are only too plain. The years of the Depression played their part in it, for countless women saw their husbands broken and their homes taken away from them unless they were able to bring money into the household. The war brought full employment and put additional millions of women into factories and offices and the armed services.

Then suddenly it appeared that all young girls wanted to get married and to have babies as soon as possible. The fashions in clothes had already changed radically so that there was no longer a question whether a man was surveying from a distance a woman or an androgynous young male. Girls had become women long before they were old enough to vote, and the tide of the old female-male conflict had swung in their favor. Divorce had given them a chance to escape from an unsuccessful marriage; their gifts of endurance and the fact that they take better care of their health and figures than men had given them greater longevity; their right to tax husbands who defaulted and to inherit from dead ones had already given them as a class over two-thirds of the nation's wealth.

Now that we are arming again and actually preparing to defend the Western world the labor of women, whether working in factories or to producing future soldiers, has become an inescapable obligation. In the future a great part of the efforts of men will be engaged in helping them to accept it. Joyce Cary in a recent essay, "The Revolution of Women," says, "You don't find any woman who would change places with her grandmother. For the fact seems to be that people do not seek peace or happiness in life but fulfilment, and to get fulfilment they are ready for any kind of hardship."

In all of the current writing about despair, the end of civilization, and the plight of modern man we have forgotten that now that American women are on the way to becoming the equals and partners of men we are building a society that because it is more united is more secure than ever before, come hell or high water.

—H. S.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"Who Are These Writers?"

SIR: Harrison Smith in his editorial [*SRL* June 9] puts it exactly right when he poses the question to J. W. Aldridge's list of new writers: "Who are these people?" Exactly. Just who are Capote, Buechner, Bowles, Vidal, *et al.*? Why did Aldridge select just these specimens of creativity and manhood for his thesis when there were a host of other young excellent writers to chose from? Of course an analysis of just Aldridge's list is bound to lead to the conclusion that current writing is not up to the work of Hemingway, Fitzgerald, and Dos Passos. (And why these three and not Dreiser, Lewis, and Faulkner?)

Why didn't Aldridge examine the work of Wallace Stegner, J. F. Powers, Saul Bellow, Brendan Gill, William Boyen? Was it because he might have found material to hurt his narrowly conceived thesis that each postwar era must have a certain type of writer?

Moreover, what about the fine work of such young writers as Nelson Algren and Feike Feikema? Their early work is certainly on a par with the early work of Dreiser and Faulkner. And what is one going to do with such young writers as Tallant, Stafford, Eudora Welty, Willard Motley?

William Barrett comes closer when he wonders if there aren't "beneath all the disorder and heterogeneity of American life . . . some very real and positive, if less blaring, human values?" In fact, it can be argued that this is an age of great drama and action, of great challenge and change, all of which are prime material for great novels and great epics. What is needed is a man, a real man, to do the job. William Faulkner was and still is such a man. He has dared to look and has dared to put it down. I'd like to suggest that Algren in his "Somebody in Boots," "Never Come Morning," and "The Man with the Golden Arm" and Feikema in his "Boy Almighty," "This Is the Year," and "World's Wanderer" have also dared to look and have dared to put it down. Perhaps it is to Algren's and Feikema's advantage, as it was to Dreiser's and Faulkner's, that they are not easily classified, that they do not fit such easy theses as advanced by Aldridge, that they remain puzzling, highly individualistic writers.

THOMAS HUGHSTAN.

Minneapolis, Minn.

Paneurope

SIR: Paul Reynaud in his plea for Europe entitled "Unite or Perish" completely disregarded the Paneuropean Movement for which Count R. N. Coudenhove-Kalergi won support by leading statesmen on both sides of the Atlantic. If he and Albert Guerard in his review of the book [*SRL* May 26] fail to mention this specific plan for European unity one can understand their failure in evaluating the position of Great Britain in regard to a United Europe. In his original plan for Paneurope Coudenhove-Kalergi has decisively demonstrated the political, economic, and cultural reasons why the British Empire as well as Russia will never be included in Continental Paneurope.

ROBERT BREUER.

Elmhurst, N. Y.

"Now remember—the more stripes they have, the more you mind them."

Totalitarian Sherwood Anderson?

SIR: Your reviewer Charles Angoff has a perfect right to complain about my use of sociology and "lay psychoanalysis" in my book "Sherwood Anderson," as I have the right to think his objections [*SRL* April 28] pointless. But I must ask for a few lines to comment on one of his criticisms which if left as is may lead to serious misunderstanding.

He writes that I "denounce Anderson for an instance of 'totalitarian bias' (which will seem absurd to all who knew Anderson). . . ." Now the word "totalitarian" is so heavily charged these days that it would have been better for Mr. Angoff to be specific here. I referred in my book to Anderson's early novel "Marching Men," written before 1912 and published in 1917. Through detailed references and specific quotation I showed that this novel is an unwitting anticipation of the leader-worship characteristic of totalitarian movements. Now I may be wrong, but the only way to prove me wrong is to refer to *the novel itself*—for my remark did not extend beyond the novel itself. When Mr. Angoff says that what I wrote "will seem absurd to all who knew Anderson" he is being completely irrelevant. What is involved is not Anderson's personality or conscious beliefs but rather the objective ascertainable meaning of "Marching Men." That Anderson did not, fortunately, draw the logical conclusions from this novel is made clear in my book, but Mr. Angoff is a sufficiently experienced reviewer to know that no reference to personal knowledge about an author can determine the meaning of his work.

IRVING HOWE.

Princeton, N. J.

SIR: A novel charged with "totalitarian bias" obviously got this bias, at least in part, if the charge is at all valid, from its author. Mr. Howe, then, must refer to some such bias in Anderson at the time he wrote "Marching Men"; otherwise, his whole discussion is irrational. But such a reference runs so clearly counter to our knowledge of Anderson that Mr. Howe himself hastens to disclaim it. He says: "It would be absurd and melodramatic to conclude that Anderson was a Fascist or forerunner of Fascism at the time he wrote the novel. All of his political and moral inclinations were always to be quite in the other direction, . . ." That is what I meant by my remark. By "knowing" Anderson I didn't, of course, have in mind his taste in neckties, women, and ice-cream flavors; I had in mind, among other things, what Mr. Howe calls "his political and moral inclinations." The word "totalitarian" is "heavily charged" these days. That is all the more reason why Mr. Howe should not have used it about a novel written before 1912 by a man who was so profoundly a libertarian.

Mr. Howe speaks of "the objective ascertainable meaning" of "Marching Men." There is no such thing as "objectivity" in criticism. All good criticism at bottom is rationalized taste. Which is why the really great critics are so humble. Did Hazlitt or Coleridge ever dream of reaching "the objective ascertainable meaning" of anything?

CHARLES ANGOFF.

New York, N. Y.

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SRL Goes to the Movies

THE HORSELESS CARRIAGE IN WAR & PEACE

—*From "Excuse My Dust."*

Red Skelton and MacDonald Carey sparring—". . . let's all have some fun."

"EXCUSE MY DUST" (MGM) is one of those rarities, an enjoyable musical film and one that for the motion picture industry practically amounts to a daring departure from tradition. It is neither a back-stage story nor a watered-down version of a Broadway musical. It is not a biography of a song composer, an old-time vaudevillian, or a famous singer. And it does not portray the vicissitudes of a brother-and-sister or husband-and-wife dance team. I don't quite know how it happened, but someone called George Wells wrote an original musical scenario, and then a producer by the name of Jack Cummings had the good sense to hire a couple of capable Broadway hands, Arthur Schwartz and Dorothy Fields, to write music and lyrics for it. Now all it has to do is make some money (a *lot* of money) and the dawn of understanding may break in the heads of those in the habit of using two or three million dollars for periodic outbreaks of roseate hogwash.

I will freely admit that "Excuse My Dust" is nonsense of a sort. The story is mainly concerned with joshing the era when very few people took the gasoline buggy seriously. And, yes, the hero of the tale is one Red Skelton, inventor, who has constructed a horseless wonder and who in order to get it to run must cadge his fuel from the local drugstore. This, I'll admit, is not unfamiliar stuff to the cinema screen. But what is less familiar is the freehanded way in which the story itself is kidded. It's as though the director, Roy Rowland, had said to cast and crew: "Look, we can't take this seriously, so let's all have some fun." And so had I.

Red Skelton if given the proper material is occasionally able to control those supposedly hilarious twitches of his and be just plain funny. In this case he is. And to assist him he has two veteran Hollywood chaps who are almost always able to be amusing. They are William Demarest and Raymond Walburn, both of whose talents have long been recognized, with excellent results, by Preston Sturges. Mr. Demarest, in particular, has only to start grouching in that gravelly voice of his and I'm in good humor. Maybe it's that he reminds me of a favorite uncle of mine, who used to bark like a bloodhound and stand me to chocolate ice cream sodas. I suspect the type Demarest generally portrays has many counterparts in reality, and maybe this is what makes him so likable. High time, I'd say, that they gave him a picture all to himself.

The disarming proceedings are aided further by Sally Forrest, Monica Lewis, and MacDonald Carey. Monica Lewis uses her own voice and Sally Forrest uses someone's else to sing some catchy tunes, but their faces and figures are their own, and some ingenious devices have been used to display the latter (one of the devices is a Cobean sort of idea), since the circa is, after all, 1895. The windup employs some wonderful ancient vehicles in a twenty-mile cross-country race, with Mr. Skelton at the helm of his contrivance and Mr. Carey driving the latest custom-built job of the time. That kind of thing was funny in the silent movies and it still is, miraculously, even though the talkies have been here for quite awhile.

"Four in a Jeep" (United Artists) is a more serious business, dealing as it does with the four-power occupation of the international zone in Vienna. You may have seen newsreel shots of the M.P. jeep on patrol through the city, with a soldier from each occupation authority making up its four-man crew. The movie takes one such hypothetical patrol and shows what a nerve-cracking situation it could very well be for the American, the Russian, the Frenchman, and the Englishman who form it. You naturally expect some friction to develop sooner or later, and it comes about as the result of differing attitudes toward an Austrian lady (Viveca Lindfors), whose husband, long a Soviet prisoner-of-war, has lit out for home in advance of his turn for repatriation. Sergeant Voreschenko wants to handle matters according to his stiff-necked conception of duty, while the American sergeant, played by Ralph Meeker, gets all impetuous about helping the poor, hounded woman. The Frenchman and Britisher assist in harboring her until Voreschenko undergoes a change of heart; the affair finally works out to everyone's gloomy satisfaction. The basic point of this Swiss-produced film seems to be that soldiers are basically human regardless of which uniform they wear—an agreeable point that has been made before with few discernible international results.

Lazar Wechsler, who did "The Last Chance" and "The Search," is behind "Four in a Jeep," but he has not been quite so successful this time. The four men who ride the jeep have to carry too heavy a symbolic load for their fairly simple personalities, and I think too much footage is devoted to the unhappy face of Miss Lindfors, who somehow doesn't quite get across as a symbol of the plight of the little Austrian people. There is a remarkable scene, though, that takes place

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"A VASTLY ENJOYABLE MUSICAL COMEDY!"—*Atkinson, Times*

A NEW MUSICAL

SHIRLEY BOOTH / JOHNNY JOHNSTON

in

A Tree Grows In Brooklyn

Air-Cond. ALVIN THEA., 252 W. 52nd St.
Evgs. 8:30. Mats. WED. & SAT. 2:30

"A lusty comedy"—ATKINSON, *Times*

CHERYL CRAWFORD presents

The ROSE TATTOO

A new play by

Tennessee Williams

Directed by DANIEL MANN

with MAUREEN STAPLETON ELI WALLACH

Setting designed by BORIS ARONSON
Costumes designed by ROSE BOGDANOFF

Incidental Music by DAVID DIAMOND
Lighting by CHARLES ELSON
Production Associate BEA LAWRENCE

MARTIN BECK W. 45 St. Air-Cond.
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

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in the Vienna railway station as a trainload of repatriated prisoners arrives from the Soviet zone. The people in the scene seem genuinely unaware of the cameras trained on them, and there is a heart-wrenching quality about it reminiscent of some of the powerful momonts in Mr. Wechsler's previous pictures. The professional side of the acting is certainly adequate, however, with Yosef Yadin a standout as the Russian sergeant. And, as "The Third Man" has already demonstrated, one could hardly go wrong as far as photography and backgrounds are concerned in shooting a film of postwar Vienna.

"Volcano" is a dull and pretentious movie produced and directed by William Dieterle. It stars Anna Magnani and Geraldine Brooks, but since there has already been another dull and pretentious movie made about primitive passions on a volcanic island in the Mediterranean I can see no reason whatever for recommending this one. Even Miss Magnani's presence in it is nullified by the fact that it is someone's else English-speaking voice you hear on the sound-track. Consider yourself warned.

There is a little more reason for seeing "Hard, Fast, and Beautiful." This Ida Lupino-Collier Young production looks into the amateur tennis industry and comes out with a bleak report. Sally Forrest stars (and plays tennis very well) and has to battle not only her opponents but also a frustrated and predatory mother. However, the shoestring budget keeps showing through, and the colorful backgrounds that might have been obtained for it with (I hate to say this) more money are simply not in evidence. The movie needs them, though, and I fear it also needed a better writer. But hard-bitten tennis fans will undoubtedly want to see it.

In "Sirocco" Humphrey Bogart plays Humphrey Bogart, thinly veiled as Harry Smith. Lee J. Cobb also plays Lee J. Cobb, and Everett Sloane plays Everett Sloane, although superficially they would appear to be officers in the French Army. The locale is Damascus, and there is the usual assortment of purportedly colorful

Walls

By Margaret Bartlett

THERE is nothing among the stars
But this small earth;
This boundary of life,
Of love assimilated to hard labor.
With this tool
I make of you the heavens.

GERTRUDE LAWRENCE
In A New Musical Play
The King and I
Music by
RICHARD RODGERS
Book and Lyrics by
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Based on the Novel "Anna and the King of Siam" by
MARGARET LANDON
with YUL BRYNNER
DOROTHY SARNOFF · DORETTA MORROW
Directed by JOHN van DRUTEN
Settings and Lighting by JO MIELZINER
Costumes designed by IRENE SHARAFF
Choreography by JEROME ROBBINS
Air-Cond. ST. JAMES THEA., W. 44 St.
Eves. at 8:25. Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2:25

R & H

"THE BIG, WARM, FUNNY HIT!" — WALTER WINCHELL
The Happy Time
Air-Cond. PLYMOUTH THEA., W. 45 St.
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PULITZER PRIZE and CRITICS' AWARD
RAY MIDDLETON
MARTHA WRIGHT
IN
South Pacific
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Book by
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd & JOSHUA LOGAN
Adapted from JAMES A. MICHENER'S Pulitzer Prize Winning "TALES OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC"
Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN
Scenery & Lighting by Jo Mielziner
with MYRON McCORMICK · DIOSA COSTELLO
Air-Cond. MAJESTIC, West 44 St.
Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

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OKLAHOMA!
Based on the Play "Green Grow the Lilacs" by LYNN RIGGS
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2d
Production Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
Evgs.: Orch. 4.80; Mezz. $3.60; Balc. $3., 2.40, 1.80. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.: Orch. $3.60; Mezz. $3.; Balc. $2.40, 1.80, 1.20. Tax Incl.
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Book by HOWARD LINDSAY & RUSSEL CROUSE
Directed by GEORGE ABBOTT
Dances & Musical Numbers by JEROME ROBBINS
Air-Cond. IMPERIAL, 241 W. 45th St.
Evgs. at 8:30. Mats. WED. & SAT. at 2:30

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Eastern characters. Marta Toren is the siren this time, and everything goes off very smoothly. After all, it's been done often enough before; why shouldn't it? —Hollis Alpert.

SRL Recommends

Excuse My Dust: Reviewed in this issue.

He Ran All the Way: A study of the mental disintegration of an antisocial character when surrounded by normal human beings. (*SRL* June 23.)

Go for Broke: How the Nisei's 442nd Regimental Combat Team earned its honors. (*SRL* May 26.)

The Emperor's Nightingale: Czech production of the Hans Christian Andersen tale, enacted by stringless puppets. (*SRL* May 12.)

The Brave Bulls, The Bullfighter and the Lady: Next best thing to a trip to Mexico so far as the philosophy and art of the great Spanish sport are concerned. (*SRL* May 5.)

Tales of Hoffmann: Laudable experiment in combining three arts (opera, ballet, and motion picture), with Robert Rounseville and a notable cast of dancers, the last in excellent, dubbed-in voice. (*SRL* April 28.)

The Thing: An interplanetary saucer and its pilot—a wonderful new monster—in what is close to being a horror masterpiece. (*SRL* April 21.)

Kon-Tiki: Science - adventure of six men on a balsa raft from Peru to Polynesia. Exciting, amateur photography, with witty narration by Thor Heyerdahl. (*SRL* April 14.)

Fourteen Hours: Makes you feel as if you'd spent fourteen hours yourself with an Irish cop cajoling a young would-be suicide from a seventeenth-floor window ledge. (*SRL* March 24.)

TV and Radio

THE HUE AND THE CRY

WE ARE now on the threshold of color television. (Watch out for that paint.) It seems only yesterday that Bell spoke those historic words into his telephone: "Mr. Watson, come here; I want you." And the hundred-odd years have slipped quickly by since Morse telegraphed his first miraculous message: "What hath God wrought?"

Now, all too soon, we are about to hear, as well as see in color, Bud Collyer delivering those fateful words: "And now if you can Beat the Clock you can win two hundred dollars, and all you have to do is puncture these balloons which I am about to release, but you must only use the spikes which I have attached to your head and not your hands, and if you puncture the red balloons you score twenty, the blue balloons forty, the white balloons subtract ten each from your score, and if you puncture this yellow balloon it vitiates your entire total—is that clear?"

I only hope everyone is as jubilant as I am about the imminence of color television. It's going to be keen, and it's obviously just what television needs at this time, because some of the variety shows seem to be running out of variety, the comedy shows out of comedy, the panel shows have begun to borrow each other's chairs and tables, and on the mystery shows the same people have been shot over and over again, to say nothing of the scripts that are being constantly reshot. Of course this is not true of all television shows—only those I've seen.

But thanks to science those shows will now be seen in color. It will help considerably. Recently I purchased a birthday gift for a friend—a sport shirt. It seemed rather a skimpy gift, but when the salesman had finished gift-wrapping it in gaily striped paper and ribboned trimmings I felt my friend would be happy with my selection. Needless to say, he was, and he may be seen almost any day wearing the gaily striped wrappings.

So color is the transfusion television needs to arouse it from its coma of monotony. Of course it is unfortunate so young a medium needs a shot in the arm so soon, but it's hereditary, following closely the pattern of its parent, the motion-picture industry, developing the same anemic symptoms and doctoring itself with the same miracle-drug, color.

For years the movies were silent, then when business fell off the movies got a shot in the arm with the advent of talkies. Then when the talkie business got bad the movie houses gave away dishes. Following that came the all-Technicolor movies.

And, in similar pattern, first there was radio. When radio had reached a pretty low ebb it started giving away things, and when that had run its course came television. Now television, being movies in mass production, has much more quickly begun to pall, and so they've brought in color.

The cry for hue has also been raised in other media. The newspapers brought in color comics, magazines are splashed with every color in the spectrum, and, come to think of it, radio could have used a little more color in its last days and maybe then survived the beating it is taking today from television.

It's nothing new, this color—it's as old as Nature itself. The apple is red, the orange is orange, the lemon is yellow, the melon is green, the berry is blue, the grape is purple. That's Creation. And now that the gentlemen of television have borrowed color from Creation is it asking too much to hope for a little creation to go along with that color?

—Goodman Ace.

"It's like television—only with popcorn!"

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Music to My Ears

CITY OF PLACES AND THINGS

VIENNA.

THE REMARK slipped out almost inadvertently in a conversation with a musical person (not a Viennese); but it crystallized a developing state of mind, as impromptu remarks often do. "It seems incredible," was the generative thought, "to come to a city of Vienna's place in musical history and not to think of a single person as the focal point of its musical life." My musical vis-à-vis replied: "They have all gone elsewhere."

This is intended as no slur on such worthy people as Karl Böhm, Clemens Krauss, or Josef Krips (who has been absent in the days of this visit). At their best, however, they would scarcely match the stature of a Schalk, a Weingartner, a Bruno Walter, whose varied personalities span the period from Gustav Mahler's death (1911) to the Anschluss. Trudging the cobbles that Beethoven and Schubert might have known, that Brahms, Bruckner, Wolf, and Mahler certainly did, one thinks of Richard Strauss and Alban Berg, both dead, of Arnold Schoenberg in Beverly Hills, and wonders. Can the mighty chord of music which resounded here for a hundred and fifty years of the greatest epoch in Western music have wholly died away? One listens in vain for an echo worthy of the original. It does not come from the marching platoons of Russian soldiers singing the Moskva equivalent of "Hup, dup, drip, four" as they move in formation to guard posts.

However, if Vienna no longer makes music in the grand sense it still "makes music" in the specialized way that musicians, internationally, use the expression. The tradition of ensemble in opera persists, whether it is Strauss's "Capriccio" in the second performance or Mozart's "Zauberflöte" in the hundredth hearing of its latest "revival" (the total is reckoned from the first presentation of the current scenic arrangement, two and a half years ago). One reflects, admiringly, that the casual visitor would be hard put to tell which work has been given twice, which one a hundred times; for the older one is no less bright and fresh-looking to the eye, the newer one no less certain and subtle to the ear.

Vienna being a city of paradoxes, one automatically arrives at a paradox in discussing how music is made here at the present time. Even without a major musical personality to influence direction (as Mahler did majestically, Schalk and Walter and Weingartner in lesser degree), the current is so deep, the tide so strong that a lack of strong motor power certainly does not mean a lack of animation. What it means probably is that music making here is now going securely and serenely in old, established channels; that the lack of influence merely means a lack of influence to turn it into new, adventurous directions. One notes with interest the bright new plaque on a nearby building memorializing the residence there of Jan Sibelius as a student in 1890; but neither "Finlandia" nor the Seventh Symphony were familiar when Herbert von Karajan conducted them here during the past winter.

Immediately counter to that, however, one must enter the observation that Paul Hindemith's "Metamorphosen" (a work of 1946 utilizing a bit of *chinoiserie* from Weber's "Turandot") was given a truly brilliant performance a few days ago by Karl Böhm and the Philharmonic Orchestra in a program that began with Mozart's "Jupiter" and ended with Wagner's "Tannhäuser" Overture. This was a radio broadcast on the Vienna-Salzburg-Linz chain, "durch Vermittlung des Marshall-Planes"; but it was played in the big hall of the Konzerthaus, before 1,800 people who regarded it as in every way a public concert. The loge (box) in which I sat carried an admission charge of three shillings (12 cents) per place, and more remote locations were priced accordingly. Whether the participation of Marshall Plan money carried with it the obligation to show America's hospitality to such prominent musicians as Hindemith (since his emigration from Germany to the U.S., a professor at Yale) I have not been able to determine. But the appreciation of the audience for the splendid performance must have resulted in some accretion of good will to American taxpayers, however small or indirect.

Böhm's expert direction of the Hindemith score (a clearer, more logical presentation than I have heard in several New York productions by the best American orchestras) brought one up abruptly against another paradox; for it is a standing opinion that the local public does not relish contemporary works, and the performing people have no talent for it. To judge from Böhm's Hindemith, the only reasonable conclusion is that it depends on the work and the performers.

It may, too, depend on the degree to which a contemporary work accords with the Viennese current heretofore mentioned. That it—in broad general terms—accepts Hindemith and rejects Sibelius may be a closer conformation to age-old values than would appear on the surface.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

—*Austrian State Tourist Department.*

The Vienna Singing Boys—"the mighty chord of music."

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FICTION

(*Continued from page 10*)

Miss Reynard loves the Cape and its people, so that a pleasant warmth and tenderness suffuse these pages. She is not afraid to be at times extremely sentimental, though that is not an important fault in a book of this kind. The prose is less sure. Often it is pedestrian, occasionally it becomes stilted and conspicuously quaint; these lapses are the more to be noted because in other passages Miss Reynard has reproduced the lively rhythms and lilting poetic quality of the old prose balladry with fine effect.

Sigrid de Lima is the author of "Captain's Beach."

Of the Generations

THE PEDLOCKS. By Stephen Longstreet. New York: Simon & Schuster. 433 *pp.* $3.50.

By Charles Angoff

MORE and more novels and short stories of Jewish-American life have been appearing lately, but the general quality, unfortunately, with some notable exceptions has not been too high. Particularly regrettable is the fact that the most popular of such works, such as "Gentleman's Agreement" and "Eagle at My Eyes," have been the feeblest. Yet one can only look with favor upon so much creative activity, for literary history reveals that from so much commotion superior work often emerges.

Mr. Longstreet has been most ambitious in his new novel. He has attempted nothing less than the chronicle of a large Jewish-American family across some eighty years from the Civil War era down to our own times. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say two families, because the novel deals with the Southern Pedlocks and Northern Manderscheids, their intermarriages, rivalries, partnerships, and the final emergence of the Pedlocks as the dominant group. There are some two dozen major and minor characters, including a Confederate Army officer, the patriarch Joseph Pedlock; his wife, Rebecca Manderscheid; the rakish Dr. Simon Manderscheid; Joseph's grandson, Peter Manderson Perry, and Peter's wife, Lucy.

The Pedlocks and the Manderscheids contribute to the winning of the West and the development of the East, enjoying the respect of their neighbors. For the first two decades they cherish their Judaism, in and out of their homes, but soon the virus of assimilation enters their systems and one hears less and less of Jewish affairs in their parlors and even in their kitchens. Then the two ancient and honorable Jewish family names are Americanized to Manderson and Perry, and the grandson marries a *shikse*, who in a drunken rage hurls at him the epithet "you dirty Jew!"

It is a story well worth telling, but only if infused with warmth, understanding and insight. Mr. Longstreet has better command of his material than Laura Hobson or Norman Katkov. He is not a slogan writer or a yellow journalist. Indeed, two of his characters, Joseph Pedlock and Dr. Simon Manderscheid, almost achieve full-bodied reality, but the tale as a whole seems to be written like a longish movie scenario with short episodes, flashbacks, and one-word sentences. Most of the men and women are made of celluloid. The descriptions of places read like advertisements in the tonier fashion magazines: "Tante Strasser had done the apartment over to her own taste. It was sort of upper-middle-class, Vienna interior. Blood-red hangings. Off-red walls and heavy gilt, like golden whipped cream, over everything." And Mr. Longstreet's observations are about as profound as one encounters in the homes of some intellectual Hollywood stars: "Oh, yellow girls—that fine, local, nocturnal product! . . . Like most young men, Peter, of course, did not fall in love with a real living woman but with his own personal projection of her. . . . Alice sighed. Pain and suffering—the glandular adjustment of love—made her only more beautiful."

Some "courageous" motion-picture producer will probably turn this book into a super-colossal movie, for the script has plenty of "action," violence (Joseph Pedlock has a rough time of it out West), and sex (there are several juicy bedroom scenes in Europe and in this country). And once again the great American public will see a Jewish-American picture that will have small relationship to real Jewish-American life. Well, one must be patient. Perhaps someday . . .

—By William Barss, from "The Mutinous Wind."

Fiction Notes

THE RESTLESS HEART. By Sergei Maximov. Translated by Henry Reigart. Scribner. $3.50. This novel, the work of a Russian fugitive from Soviet Russia, is likely to surprise many readers. Its author, born in 1916, had none but Soviet schooling. He should have learned that creative writing has no *raison d'être* except as a handmaiden of political beliefs and their propaganda; and having turned against the regime lording it over his native country (he spent ten months in prison for anti-Soviet activities) he therefore should be expected to put his talent to use only in exposing totalitarianism. In reality totalitarianism and its cruel police apparatus are barely more than a backdrop to his story. True, the arbitrariness of Party rule gives that story a decisive turn at one point; but that despotism does not seem very different in its importance to the book as a whole from the abuse of political power which formed part of the, so to speak, natural setting of all Russian pre-Soviet fiction. In short Mr. Maximov has written a novel about human passions and human errors; and, whatever conclusions readers may draw from the sketchiness of its political background, they will be gratified by the proof it offers of the unchangeableness of the human heart.

They also will be interested in the picture of day-to-day life in the kolkhoz village on the Volga which is the locale of this novel. There is a Tartar settlement nearby. Manefa, a beautiful Russian girl, has married one of its men. But when she falls in love with a young Russian seaman she yields to her passion.

There is a great deal of genuine power in that love story, and some of it has a truly poetic ring. Nature is far more than accompanying "description" in Mr. Maximov's writing. The feel of nature is part of his characters' lives. There is not an ounce of sentimentality or artiness to that feeling as he presents it.

As for the plot involving the long-unsolved murder of Manefa's brother-in-law, its final solution overtaxes the

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author's skill. Two of his figures sacrifice themselves and pay for a sin not theirs; and that duplication weakens what seems to have been intended as the motif of the novel.

Even so "The Restless Heart" is worth an attentive reader's while. It made this one look forward to its author's future work.

—Robert Pick.

THE PROVING GROUND. By Mack Morriss. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $3. The proud and sensitive young man of poetic imagination and receptive mind goes to war; and he is transformed by the shocking experience of its incredible violence—into what? There is the question. Certainly war is a proving ground. What does it prove? Again, there is the question, for by the answer we are impelled to judge Mack Morriss's book. If it proves that the young man is proud and sensitive, poetic, and receptive, that he is repelled by the madness and embittered by the stupidity—why then it proves nothing at all. For this is how he came in, and he leaves the proving ground unproven if he carries from it only the heightened awareness of his own tenderness. What is in question, then, is not Mr. Morriss's abilities, which are considerable, as narrator, as poet in prose, as indignant realist. Less considerable is the sum total of his hero's development as a man.

John Allen, small-town American, literate, reflective, romantic, goes through the gamut of war experience, from the training grounds to the shattered German village, only to emerge (it seems to me) a literate, reflective, romantic, small-town American. He knows at first hand what he had hitherto only read about. He is less susceptible to pep talks from the brass and he starts less at the sound of a gun. He is tougher; he will fight a man if he has to or make love to a woman if he wants to and think less beforehand. All of which is primarily irrelevant to the great, the shattering experience. Such things would have happened as the man grew older in the office or the factory. What of the war, its sources, its direction, its meaning for the world? How much larger the vision, now, of John Allen? We have had a few novels out of this war with the marks of a larger vision upon them, and it is that particularly which has distinguished them from the other war novels. In this sense "The Proving Ground" is undistinguished.

—Nathan L. Rothman.

OR CALL IT WINTER. By Donald Stevens. Harper. 210 *pp.* $2.75. The ingredients of Mr. Stevens's little book

—Robert Winthrop White, from "The Enchanted."

are promising enough. A young American painter and his wife, attracted by the low cost of living, go to a West Indian island to live. But the painting comes hard, the heat is almost unbearable, and the ennui all-pervading. After a brace too many of rum and sodas Zelma, the young wife, has a slight emotional crack-up and flees to the States and her own devices. John, the husband, decides moodily to return also and to pursue his art—but not his wife.

The author has supplied a number of likely targets for satire: a collection of expatriates whose main concerns are the servant problem and the cultivation of their particular crotchets. There is also a free-wheeling maiden lady from Boston who insists on applying the fruits of her recent psychoanalysis to everyone she chances to meet—with varying results. In the background are assorted native islanders, and over all hangs an oppressive atmosphere weighted with rum and perspiration.

This is the sort of concoction that in the hands of the early Huxley or Waugh would have resulted in a little gem. As manipulated by Mr. Stevens, however, "Or Call It Winter" doesn't fulfill its promise. Much of the writing is excessively precious, larded with italicized words and arch innuendo. The conversations between John and his wife are stagy and unreal. None of the characters is drawn incisively enough to arouse the reader's sympathy. And the action seems to take place in a kind of vacuum so apart from the real world as to make the satire ineffective. At best, "Or Call It Winter" is innocuous summer reading.

—Martin Levin.

THE ENCHANTED. By Elizabeth Coatsworth. Pantheon. $2.50. Miss Coatsworth's book, subtitled "An Incredible Tale," is a delightful mingling of fact and fantasy, the two qualities so expertly blended, the magic so confidingly, so innocently submitted that as in the best fairy tales the reader accepts the incredible as the wholly believable. Who as a child doubted that the frog could really be a prince in disguise? Who as a grown-up child will cavil at the secret of Molly Perdry's origins?

In the Northern Maine woods, and you can find it on the map, lies a region called The Enchanted. Here the loggers and the hunters tell of strange and mysterious happenings: of voices where no human throats could be; of a deer who went into a thicket and came out the other side a black bear; of a man who took a woman of the woods for a wife and raised a family, and his father coming to persuade him to return found only the footprints of five moose in a clearing where he had seen only a moment before *four* moose grazing.

These tales were told to young Dave Ross when he bought a deserted farm on the edge of the forest and started homesteading. And they were told him again when he married Molly, one of the daughters of the Perdry clan. Nobody seemed to know really where the Perdrys came from, this family of softly chattering, merry, improvident, friendly folk, always together, the girls plump and shy in their brown-sprigged calico. As time went on Dave grew a little impatient with Molly's dependence on her family, with her reluctance to be left alone, her timidity, her ineptitude at household tasks. He didn't understand why she was so afraid of the cat he brought home, why she turned faint when he asked her to clean the chickens he killed for supper. He put it down to just bride-queerness and homesickness. But he didn't expect her to leave him when the snow fell and her family disappeared all of a sudden from the little house down the road where they had lived so murmurously and contentedly together before he took Molly away.

Far be it from a reviewer to divulge the secret of the spell which Molly's love for Dave finally broke. The answer was plain to him when Molly and the rest of the Perdrys came back in the spring. He accepted it, as we accept Mrs. Coatsworth's romantic little modern legend for its charm and poetic grace and for the love and sympathy and accuracy with which she observes and describes the woods and the fields and the meadows and

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the life that moves in and upon them; and for the reality with which she invests the magic of her Incredible Tale.

—SARA HENDERSON HAY.

THE NINE DAYS OF FATHER SERRA. By Isabelle Gibson Ziegler. Longmans, Green. $3. If it were not that the word "competent" has come to imply overtones of mediocrity it would be the correct word to use here, for the care and craftsmanship that Isabelle Gibson Ziegler has put into her story are everywhere manifest. All it lacks is that vital spark which is beyond the power of a novelist to command.

In the story of Father Junipero Serra Miss Ziegler started out with the makings of a good inspirational situation. This genial cleric arrived at San Diego in 1769 with a Spanish colonizing expedition. But Father Serra was looking for souls, not territories, and soon a clash developed between him and the Spanish commander, who wished to return to Mexico. Miss Ziegler lets her priest agree to return only if the sorely needed supply ship fails to arrive within nine days. If it does arrive sooner he can stay and work among his beloved Indians. The stage is thus set for suspense as well as uplift.

The author handles her tale with unexceptionable ability. The action is neatly organized into the nine days, framed by a foreword and afterword, and a variety of subplots are neatly dovetailed into the main plot to keep the reader's interest mounting. The writing is good without being brilliant, and the characters—notably Father Serra himself, the villainous Miguel Viamonte, and the Indian boy, Francisco—are all sculptured in the round. Nor does one doubt that the historical research which went into the book has been checked and double-checked.

All this adds up to a story that will please many readers but will set no pulses racing. It is no disparagement of Miss Ziegler's craft to say that her novel lacks only the *élan* which distinguishes a good story from a great one.

—JOHN BARKHAM.

THE SMOLDERING SEA. By U. S. Anderson. Didier. $3.50. The violent, brutal action of this first novel is set against the voyage of a merchant freighter bound for the battle areas of the South Pacific during World War II. Our ship, the *Robin Wake*, battles storms, torpedoes, air attacks and in the end goes blazingly down with its captain and all its crew. But this is background. The author is concerned rather with the tight little world of internecine conflict aboard the ship. And that world, if you'll believe Mr. Anderson, is a hell worse than war.

Take the captain. Captain Ransel is crazy and getting crazier. Years before he had been dismissed in disgrace from his command in the regular Navy. Now, embittered and haunted by Freudian fears of inadequacy, he hates his inferior ship, his crew, and himself. He drives them all with a savage ferocity and a brutal sadism unequaled since Charles Laughton first made faces at the crew of the *Bounty*. In the end, hopelessly mad, it is he (rather than the Japanese) who is responsible for his ship's destruction.

His crew is no more savory a lot. Its members are without exception as mean, depraved, and mentally twisted as their captain. When not snarling under his abuse they are twisting each other's arms, letting each other's blood, or cracking each other's skulls with the abandon of homicidal maniacs. As a result one watches with equanimity their doom overtake them and merely wonders how we did get supplies to our forces in the South Pacific.

Mr. Anderson blocks in his gallery of characters with a certain rough regard for the outlines of humanity. He constructs his scenes of brutality with a persuasive skill that will make the squeamish retch. And he writes a fast, hard-hitting prose. But only those who can be titillated by a senseless parade of violence will really enjoy this Gothic melodrama.

—EDWARD J. FITZGERALD.

REBEL RUN. By Louis Zara. Crown. $3. The Civil War remains an inexhaustible mine of materials for fiction. Louis Zara has done some delving there and come up with a rip-roaring adventure story of a Yankee spy behind the Confederate lines who stole a locomotive and tried to use it to clog the main rail artery of Confederate supply. There was skulking by night, a chase along the rails, capture, escape, recapture, and hanging for Captain Andrews and seven of his crew. Fourteen others escaped to the Union lines. It was an unsuccessful venture and has rested this long in comparative obscurity, along with who knows how many other little-known escapades of the war.

Mr. Zara, who has written several earlier novels of considerable subtlety and intensity, seems here to have been content with the most primary of effects. "Rebel Run" reads like a teen-age Western or like one of those good old serial thrillers, dialogue and all. The hero gets killed, which is against the rules, but he does have a glorious speech to deliver as he faces the end. Very likely the story is exactly as

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

NOT GUILTY

Sherlock Holmes knew that the official detectives had blundered when they arrested the innocent suspects concerned in this quiz, by Fannie Gross, of Asheville, North Carolina. Allowing ten points for identifying either the character or the story by the bare facts presented below, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 30.

1. His distraught father was certain that he had filched a corner of a priceless jeweled *objet d'art*.
2. During his trial he admitted that he was not more than 150 yards from the spot where his father was slain and that he had heard him cry out.
3. He made the error of returning to the cabin of a former seal and whale fisher to examine a logbook.
4. A note in her handwriting and a revolver on the floor of her wardrobe were considered rather damning evidence by two juries.
5. On the charge of having stolen a precious gem from the hotel room of a countess this plumber was brought up for trial.
6. Because she had hurried out of the Foreign Office at about the time an important document disappeared she was taken to Scotland Yard and searched.
7. This junior partner of a law firm was arrested for the murder of a stranger who had willed him nearly all of his property.
8. A cravat found in a dead man's hand and a stick weighted with lead were used to incriminate this bookmaker.
9. This patron of the arts was charged with involvement in the death of his brother and the theft of a collection of Indian gems.
10. Unable to supply the address of an old shipmate who could have furnished an alibi for him, this sub-lieutenant in Her Majesty's Navy was accused of murder.

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uncomplicated as that and required no more writing. It just seems a shame to have this kind of job done by Mr. Zara—who can do better.

—N. L. R.

SMALL WORLD. By Carol Deschere. New York: Simon & Schuster. $3. I read somewhere that it is a test of a lively imagination and a glib tongue to be able to expatiate for fifteen minutes on the characteristics of a billiard ball without pause and without repetition and to hold one's listeners spellbound in the process. This, in effect, is what Carol Deschere does with her "Small World." To someone less imaginatively responsive and less articulate the materials with which she deals might have seemed the run-of-the-mill, unextraordinary experiences of an average, upper-middle-class, attractive young matron with a nice husband and two nice children; a chronicle, untouched by melodrama, of domestic affairs and small adventure. Such a person might have said, "But what is there to write about? We moved from New York City to Ithaca, where we kept house for a year with my husband's brother and his wife, Lois, then we moved to Syracuse and Lois and I each had a baby, and then in a couple of years I had another, and we lived in several apartments and then we bought a house and the children went to school."

But Mrs. Deschere adds the zest and sparkle of her own personality, the stimulant of her own vigorous emotional and intellectual reactions, and that has made all the difference. With humor and perception and a fine dash of irony and satire she converts a diary of domesticity into a story of a real family and its experiences, a series of episodes which have individual unity as well as continuity. She observes and relates her observations with honesty and candor; she is neither sentimental nor artificial and she has the ability to make the most out of situations—funny, awkward, touching, and occasionally significant and profound. But the keynote of the book is the personality of its author. It is not a biography but obviously it is a personal history; and Kay Hiller, the narrator (née Carol Deschere), is a person one would enjoy knowing.

—S. H. H.

BELLES-LETTRES

(*Continued from page* 15)

and (later) of spectacular extravaganza. The whole sad story is fully documented here, though somewhat dryly, and provides a useful work for the student of Congreve and of the eighteenth-century stage.

THE LETTERS OF WILLIAM MORRIS TO HIS FAMILY AND FRIENDS. Edited by Philip Henderson. Longmans, Green. $4.25. Just before his death at sixty-two William Morris remarked, "I want to get mumbo-jumbo out of the world." It is typical of his impatience, his plain honesty, and his homely expression. In his busy career he was poet, translator, Socialist, decorator, printer; and, as with so many other figures of the past, one wonders how he had the time to do everything he did and then to write so many letters. Were there more than twenty-four hours in bygone days?

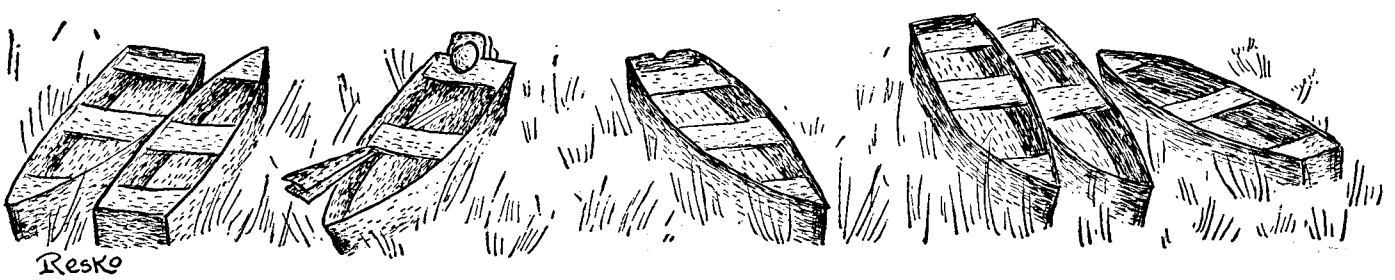
In this selection from the many letters, drawn from published and unpublished sources, Philip Henderson's intention is to present the many-sided Morris. He succeeds admirably, and if there are frequent sections that are so businesslike that they lack general interest that is hardly his fault, for Morris applied himself to functional letters and not to literary ones. It is when the functional ones are also literary (in the widest sense) — as they frequently are—that he is first-rate. Some of the best letters come from those sent to editors of newspapers, for Morris was a vociferous citizen battling against Philistia, particularly in defense of England's historical monuments which were being "restored" by Victorian vandalism. But the finest single piece in the book is Mr. Henderson's long memoir, which serves as introduction. It is a model of its kind and sketches the personality, life, and achievement of Morris with great charm and interest.

NEW DIRECTIONS 12. *New Directions Press.* $5. James Laughlin's twelfth anthology of experimental and off-pattern writing is, like its predecesors, a mixed lot of prose, verse, and drama. The best stories seem to be those that grow out of war experiences, in particular those of Robert Lowry and John Hawkes, and those that rise out of a sense of fantasy and parable, like those of Leslie Katz and Elliott Stein. One looks forward to Gore Vidal's "Three Stratagems," but it is only a virtuoso's exercise piece, characterized by his usual gifts. Of the poetry there is a great deal that is strikingly clever, adept, even wise. Especially good are the poems of May Swenson, Anthony Hecht, Kenneth Rexroth; and "The Old Age of Michaelangelo," by F. T. Pince, is a wonderful evocation of the marbly grandeurs of sculpture. Of the drama a translation of Georg Beuchner's "Woyzeck" is powerful; written over a hundred years ago in the expressionist vein, it is a very new direction today. And, finally, there is Melville Cane's lucid essay, "Why Ask Permission?," reprinted from *SRL.*

As a whole the book succeeds in its purpose of exhibiting some of the many directions that new writers face today.

THE PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES OF JOHN DRYDEN: A Critical Edition. By William Bradford Gardner. Columbia University Press. $4.50. The plays of the Restoration and eighteenth-century theatre were introduced and concluded with pieces that are always entertaining and usually highly informative. In these informal pieces, spoken by players who stayed in character or stepped out of it, the playwright could allow himself all sorts of indulgences; he could insult the audience or flatter it, tell what he thought of politics or social shenanigans, of critics and their rules; or he could pay fulsome compliments to Royalty in the audience. Whatever his subject, he had to be light and amusing. Hence a collection of such pieces paints a colorful picture of the foibles of the town—and of the playwright. The present collection of Dryden's pieces is especially good, for he had enormous skill in spinning out his couplets and was a superb craftsman in this sort of topical verse.

William Bradford Gardner's edition is handsomely printed and designed. His first section gives the pieces, 102 of them, in chronological order with no intrusive notes or apparatus. Then



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the second half of the book gives full explanatory and critical notes. It is a wise arrangement for a very inviting collection.

GEORGIAN SCRAPBOOK. Compiled by A. H. Phillips. Medill McBride. $4. Mr. Phillips calls his large, handsome scrapbook a "Most Diverting Miscellany of Diverse Curious Items," which is exactly what it is. He covers the period of more than a century when the English throne was occupied by the stout presences of a succession of four Georges. His scraps of material, neatly woven together by a bright and succinct commentary, come from the diaries, letters, newspapers, and broadsides of the period; and he illustrates them with many contemporary prints, particularly by large ones of Hogarth, Gillray, and Rowlandson. By this method of letting the age speak for itself he lets it come alive, though fragmentarily, in all its variety. From high life to low life, palace to hovel, politics to love the age had a strenuous vitality that comes through. Whether it be Bedlam, where one went to be amused by the lunatics, or George II's funeral as described by Horace Walpole or the scandal of the Duchess of Kingston's bigamy, we feel its pulsations and vividness. The reader, whatever his dynastic persuasion, will enjoy dipping into this Georgian potpourri.

THE POET WORDSWORTH. By Helen Darbishire. Oxford University Press. $2.50. "The voice which is the voice of my poetry," wrote Wordsworth, "without imagination cannot be heard"; and that quality of mind is notably present in Miss Darbishire, an eminent scholar of the poet. In these four essays—based on the Clark Lectures at Cambridge—she discusses several of the main problems of his poetic development and career, focusing all her attention on the poetry and the sensibility that produced it. Appropriately, her first essay, "The Making of the Poet," attempts to explain what has occupied so many other scholars: why did Wordsworth burst into a brilliant creative period for ten years (1797-1807) and afterwards continue merely to make verse with only occasional flashes until his death in 1850? She is judicious enough, and conversant with the complete poet and man, not to offer a simple solution. Then after devoting her second essay to the "Poems of 1807" she gives (in the third) a close analysis of "The Prelude," probably his greatest single poem; and her final essay sums up his entire poetic achievement. He was a dedicated poet, a self-conscious prophet and thinker who dared to deal with matters of the highest seriousness. "Does Mr. Wordsworth think his mind can surpass Jehovah?" complained Blake (himself no modest thinker). Miss Darbishire treats her subject modestly, and neatly and persuasively as well.

—ROBERT HALSBAND.

THE INFINITE MOMENT: and Other Essays on Robert Browning. By William O. Raymond. University of Toronto Press. $4. The essays and articles on Browning collected in this volume have appeared in numerous scholarly journals over a period of years and point up William O. Raymond's contribution to Browning scholarship. There is a helpful addition in the form of a new article in which the author discusses and surveys "Browning Studies in England and America, 1910-1949," appended by a check list of relevant titles. Of all the cyclical revivals of interest in literary periods, the Victorian period has fared quite poorly and consequently Browning's poetic strength and what Oscar Wilde called an unrivaled "sense of dramatic situation" have not obtained the evaluation they deserve.

Mr. Raymond's essays focus on many of the highlights of Browning's poetic activity and certain biographical problems. Under discussion are such topics as Browning considered from a current vantage point. Browning's fundamental ideas and their exposition and development in such works as "Fifine at the Fair" and "Paracelsus." There is also a fascinating account of one of the most incredible literary forgeries on record by Thomas J. Wise, famous book collector, who forged a first edition of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese."

—SIEGFRIED MANDEL.

THOREAU: The Quest and the Classics. By Ethel Seybold. Yale University Press. $3. This is a work as much of devotion as of scholarship. A fine enthusiasm permeates it and carries over to the reader. Ethel Seybold is concerned specifically with Thoreau's familiarity with, use of, and influence by the classics, and there are detailed lists of classical texts used by Thoreau and of quotations in his work from classical authors, together with an index of the latter. But in addition to this technical and essential apparatus is an incisive study of Thoreau's classicism as an ingrained element in his transcendentalism. Only about half of the allusions are literary; the other half are concerned with the practical problems of dirt-farming, including viniculture, across the centuries—drop a hot brick into the cask "to remove an ill savor from wine." Miss Seybold's monograph is the 116th unit in the Yale Studies in English. The series was initiated in 1898 and is now evenly divided between titles in print and titles out of print—fifty-eight of each.

—JOHN T. WINTERICH.

SPIRES OF FORM: A Study of Emerson's Aesthetic Theory. By Vivian C. Hopkins. Harvard University Press. $4. What strikes one invariably about Emerson's writings is the urbane and graceful style, no matter how complex or muddled the transcendentalist, Calvinist, or German nineteenth-century idealist sources to which he was indebted. This applies also to his esthetic theory which Vivian C. Hopkins finds in Emerson's book "Nature" as a "*process* with a vital impulse of its own, constantly renewed by fresh impulses of creative or receptive spirit," and she attempts to apply it as a criterion for his critical comments on fine arts and literature.

Miss Hopkins has chosen to organize Emerson's comments into three cycles, implicit in which is his optimistic idea of the upward progress of "the spiral." Briefly, the cycles consist of the following: the creative process characterized by artistic receptivity and inspiration, imagination as "symbolic sight"; the work of art as a combination of organic and spiritual form and valuable in proportion to the share of the universal spirit which it succeeds in capturing; and esthetic experience as "the height of esthetic enjoyment in mystical ecstasy," suspending judgment but not faith in the good and underlying beauty in art. A strong element of

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Arthur Holder in "The Beryl Coronet." 2. James McCarthy in "The Boscombe Valley Mystery." 3. John Hopley Neligan in "The Adventure of Black Peter." 4. Grace Dunbar in "The Problem of Thor Bridge." 5. John Horner in "Adventure of the Blue Carbuncle." 6. Mrs. Tangey in "The Naval Treaty." 7. John Hector McFarlane in "The Norwood Builder." 8. Fitzroy Simpson in "Silver Blaze." 9. Thaddeus Sholto in "The Sign of the Four." 10. Arthur Charpentier in "A Study in Scarlet."

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mysticism is the bond and continuous thread which unite the cycles. According to Emerson the creative artist has great responsibilty as one of the "elect," invested not with divine madness but divine power.

Miss Hopkins makes a forceful bid to eliminate the onus of mysticism from Emerson as she explains his mysticism to be intellectual rather than spiritual. There is also evidence of intellectual contortion in the attempt to convince one that estheticism and mysticism do not preclude democratic emphasis: "The very fact that he [Emerson] finds a work of art first coming into vital existence when it impinges on the observer's sensibility implies a faith in the importance of those who appreciate but cannot create art."

The implication is unnecessarily ingenious and does not make more or less palatable the picture of Emerson as a conservative, contemplative, benevolent philosopher-poet. Considered as a whole this study provides a most inclusive, though diffuse, presentation of Emerson's esthetics and an indication of his immense range of knowledge and cultural importance.

—S. M.

THE AUGUSTAN AGE. By John Butt. Longmans, Green. $2. The period from Dryden to Johnson has long since been identified by some feeble punster as the dry den of English literature. Professor Butt, who was asked by the editor of the series to discuss the poetry of the Augustan Age apart from the prose and drama, frankly admits that his is a "despised" theme. He makes the best of it by the honesty and scholarly insight with which he dissects the verse of Dryden, Addison, Swift, Pope, Thomson, Gray, and Johnson. His realistic approach helps the reader to feel the febrile mood that envenomed the satire and vitiated the poetry of the period. The stranded poets of the Augustan Age take on pathos and dignity as they seek to use reason as a divining rod to locate the Pierian spring. Even those who, like Gray, managed at times to breathe an ampler air still found their feet impeded by the nets of artifice. And for one Gray there were a hundred poetasters who could seriously propose (as one of them did) that the opening line of Gray's "Elegy" would be more effective if repunctuated—"The curfew tolls! The knell of parting day!"

Professor Butt has done all lovers of English literature a favor by applying his wit and skill to make more intelligible this period of low tide between the Elizabethan flood and the storms of the Romantic Revolt.

—Geoffrey Bruun.

EDUCATION

(*Continued from page* 19)

independence of the Board's Educational Testing Service.

The whole story is told in detail in Dr. Fuess's book. The hundreds of thousands of boys and girls who have taken or will take the College Boards can be sure of one thing: the men and women who determine the policies of college selection are setting these policies ever mindful of what is best for the youth and future of our nation.

William S. Lynch is superintendent of schools in Fall River, Massachusetts.

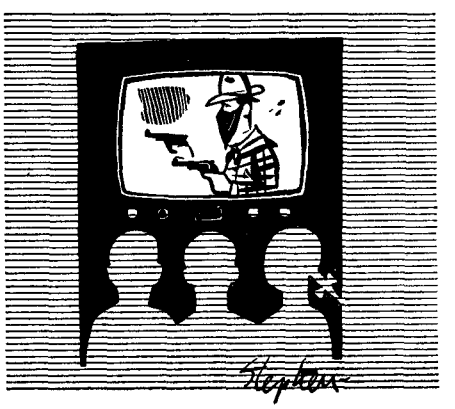
Problem for Adults

TELEVISION AND OUR CHILDREN. By Robert Lewis Shayon. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 94 *pp.* $1.50.

By Edward Stasheff

ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON knows broadcasting, both the art and the industry, intimately and well. As a writer-producer of fine documentary radio programs he helped bring the art of the radio documentary to a high point. As radio and television critic for *The Saturday Review of Literature* and *The Christian Science Monitor* he digests countless programs. As a former president of the Radio and Television Directors Guild he knows the men of the industry: producers, executives, agency account executives, and sponsors.

Bringing this background to bear on the problems of the action of television on children, he has produced in eight brief chapters what is by far the fairest, most accurate, and best-balanced picture to date of the crisis which has come upon the 11,000,000 set-owning families of America. Cool, dispassionate judgment and the light of intimate knowledge is focused on a serious subject which has had of recent months far too much heat and all too little light—a situation which has been conquered in the studios more quickly than in the homes.



Originally written as a series of articles for *The Christian Science Monitor*, the first four chapters cover the interaction of television and the home, while the second four discuss television and the community. Mr. Shayon begins with a succinct statement of the case against TV, summarizing the most striking of the surveys made in 1950 and quoting individual protests from parents, teachers, and outspoken citizens. He wisely points out that for every survey proving television harmful an equal number have been published to prove it valuable. But, while video's baneful influence on children's studies, play, and eating habits seems likely to come under control in those homes still subject to parental discipline, the effect of TV on the child's emotional well-being and taste presents a continuing question. Mr. Shayon provides no easy answer; he remarks that "what television can do to your child will depend on what your child is, what you are educating and guiding him to be before he looks at television."

This reader found a wealth of thought-provoking matter in the chapter on why children watch TV excessively. Mr. Shayon eschews the easy accusation and the easy solution, preferring to show the wide-spreading roots of the problem. "No, the Pied Piper [TV] is not the only villain in the piece. However, this does not mean that those who are influencing the development of TV are absolved of all responsibility. The home is not the sole source of the difficulty. Rather is this a problem for all adults —parents, teachers, broadcasters, government officials, advertisers — whatever their interests." Mr. Shayon feels that "the dark side of television is but another symptom of a deeply-lying trouble in our time" and devotes much of this chapter to the forces that make children feel insecure and excluded, so that they find in television a world in which "living is made easy for our children."

Pointing out that in the individual home the attack on television's potential dangers and the realization of its potential values must be tailored to the needs and problems of each family, Mr. Shayon then goes on to discuss TV and the community. His chapter on why the broadcasters act as they do will come as an amusing surprise to many readers, though many others will undoubtedly already suspect that sponsors put on programs to attract large audiences, advertise their wares widely, sell them in

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quantity, and make lots of money. The control over programing both in radio and TV that is exerted by the advertising agencies is something of which the general public needs to be told, however, and the very limited decision exerted by stations, networks, and even sponsors should jolt many viewers.

The limited powers available to the Federal Communications Commission, its lack of sufficient funds and staff, and its ultimate reliance on the people for support are all clearly presented. Since the FCC is powerless to improve programing without organized public support Mr. Shayon turns to the listener-council movement as the best hope for better television. And here his admirable desire to be fair leads him into some difficulty. He points out the value of listener councils but then shows the danger in having a listener group bring pressure, for example, on the FCC to suspend the license of a station operator who consistently violates what the group considers "the public interest." Says Mr. Shayon, ". . . to substitute one unfairness for another is not in the American tradition of fair play." Penalty would be exacted from the local licensee, not from the sponsor.

Thus Mr. Shayon brings the wheel full circle, and we're back where we started. What can listener councils do? They must work on the long-term projects of raising the standards of public taste, of stimulating public thinking on the subject of program service, of encouraging everywhere "an alert, informed, critical, and continuing campaign of public appraisal of TV." Perhaps this is the best that we can do about it; somehow Mr. Shayon's earlier chapters led us to expect a more accurate plan of attack.

Finally, he turns to education's challenge in TV. Here for the first time this reader found him a bit pessimistic and unfair. To say as Mr. Shayon does that "the poverty of status for education in our society casts a ragged cloak over all aspects of educational broadcasting and accounts partly for the ineffective showing that the schools have made in radio, both AM and FM" is to dismiss somewhat cavalierly the eighty-two educational stations either on the air today or in process of construction. To say that educators have twice failed to grasp and exploit the air potential is to fail to take into account the State of Wisconsin's FM network, the Empire State FM network in upper New York, the tape-recording network of the National Association of Educational Broadcasters. In New York City, where Mr. Shayon has lived and worked, 35,000 classes a week listen to the Board of Education's FM Station WNYE.

But, as he himself points out, only time can tell whether the FCC will reserve TV channels for education and educators will use these channels ably and well, thus giving video a nudge in the right direction.

These are minor flaws, however. Mr. Shayon's view of the entire TV picture is both well balanced and sharply focused. His book is up to the standard he set himself in his fine radio documentaries: to say something significant and to say it in highly entertaining fashion.

Edward Stasheff is in charge of television development for the New York City Board of Education and is writer-producer of the school system's FM station, WNYE. He is the father of four children, who have been regularly exposed to television.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
SHOOT ME DACENT *Aaron Marc Stein* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Archeologists Tim and Elsie hit Dublin to unlace history of the "zoomorphic interlace" but get laced into murder and Irish fanaticism.	A zooful of Irish-Americans and Irish-Irish. Excellently written fantasy with educated connotation and suspense always plausible.	Civilized and amusing
MOST MEN DON'T KILL *David Alexander* (Random House: $2.50)	Terry walks into his hotel room to find woman naked and dead in his easy chair. Distrusting his Pacific head-wound he hides out in NY's Bowery, finds help among the unregenerate.	Implausible, almost too inventive "realism" but some of the odd-fish characters madly entertaining; lots of awkwardness here — but interesting, unhackneyed mind working.	Watch this new writer
THE FATHER BROWN OMNIBUS *G. K. Chesterton* (Dodd, Mead: $3.50)	Every Father Brown story ever written — a precious coverful.	It will take a very nimble detective to outdo over the years the keen little priest for whom legality was never as important as morality, thought, and humanity. Don't swallow all at once—sip now and then.	A book to own, indeed
MURDER COMES FIRST *Frances & Richard Lockridge* (Lippincott: $2.50)	Pam and Jerry North come to rescue of three visiting aunts present at poisoning of old friendly enemy. Pam as usual in jams; but the mousiest aunt has the helpful hunch.	The Norths, their three Siamese cats, Bill Wiegand, the FBI—all tossed in the usual salad, the Victorian ladies as new roughage but Pam's verbalizations the customary spice.	Mother-lode grows wee bit thin
THE RIGHT HONORABLE CORPSE *Max Murray* (Farrar, Straus & Young: $2.50)	Hated Australian Cabinet Minister Flower is poisoned during his wife's musicale. What does mysterious pianist Martin Gilbert know that enables him to goad all suspects?	Nice people logically knotted up in plot tentacles; diplomatic and Australian background fascinating; humor, narration, even love-interest high grade.	Don't miss
YOUNG MAN WITH A SCYTHE *Allan Kennington* (Macmillan: $2.50)	Free-lance writer Mike Anson discovers his wife is haunted by the death in Wales of former husband —and by Harrington, the returning glib charmer. Mike battles for happiness.	Likable and credible characters go through believable crises—with wit always at hand; mystery not intense but outcome still full of brave suspense.	Very worth attention

—KATHLEEN SPROUL.

Education Notes

ONE WOMAN'S FIGHT. By Vashti Cromwell McCollum. Doubleday. $3. Vashti McCollum's little book is a personal account of her experiences in opposing religious instruction in the public schools of Champaign, Il-

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linois. It is also a revelation of the price one must pay in running counter to the religious conventions of a small community.

The fight began innocently with Mrs. McCollum's refusal to sign a slip which her son brought home from the public school indicating whether he was to receive Catholic, Protestant, or Jewish instruction. This seemed to her, as to others less courageous and constant in their convictions, to violate the principle of separation of church and state. When refusal to sign led to the ostracism of the boy she deviated from the normal path of conformity and sought protection from the courts, little realizing that this local controversy would be resolved only by one of the most significant decisions in the history of the United States Supreme Court.

The most dramatic sections of the book describe the persecution to which she and her family were subjected. In the beginning her opposition to religious education in the schools was shared by others; but when the lines were drawn pressures, economic, social, and political, paralyzed friends and potential allies and she found herself isolated and alone. Ugly instances of religious opposition are recorded: the scurrilous "fan mail" sent to her admonishing her to repent and to mend her ways; a "Christian Halloween," an episode with a mob of adolescents (aided and abetted by adults) who beat upon her door at night, showered her appearance with garbage, and entertained her with the tune of "Onward, Christian Soldiers"; threatening telephone calls; the countrywide branding of her as an atheist by the press. (In the opening chapter she refutes this charge, describes her liberal up-bringing, and identifies herself as a "humanist.")

"One Woman's Fight" is but an introduction to a continuing battle on behalf of religious liberty and the integrity of secular education in a religiously heterogeneous population. This is clear from the concluding chapters, which describe methods now employed in a number of states not unsuccessfully to transform public schools into parochial institutions, as well as attempts of parochial groups to secure public funds for their schools. These chapters remind us that eternal vigilance is still the price of liberty. —V. T. THAYER.

GOD IN EDUCATION. By Henry P. Van Dusen. Scribner's. $2. LIBERAL LEARNING AND RELIGION. Edited by Amos N. Wilder. Harper. $3.75. These two books deal with one of the burning questions in American life: what is the place of religion in education? Does the American doctrine of separation of church and state mean freedom of religion or freedom *from* religion? Have our public schools and our state-supported universities contributed to the secularization of American life? If so, is that bad? If it is bad—what can be done about it without endangering the separation of church and state?

Henry P. Van Dusen, president of Union Theological Seminary and a trustee of several other institutions of higher learning, discusses the question in an all-too-slender volume, "God in Education." He reveals the steps whereby religion, once the keystone of the educational arch, has been relegated to a subordinate and relatively unimportant role in education. He is not concerned so much with specific reforms as with a rethinking and a restatement of the philosophy of education. He wants educators to reconsider the bearing of the truth for which religion stands on the philosophy and structure of education as a whole.

He does deal with one practical issue and that most vigorously. He is sharp in his criticism of the Supreme Court decision in the McCollum case dealing with religious education on "released time" and in particular with the Court's interpretation of the separation of church and state. In this position Dr. Van Dusen would find himself supported by the leading Catholic authorities.

"Liberal Learning and Religion" is a symposium of articles by fifteen educators active in the National Council on Religion in Higher Education. The articles deal not only with the problems of reconciling the point of view of religion with that of science, history, and the humanities but also with practical problems of administration and curriculum making. The articles are of varying merit and interest, and their chief value is to indicate how seriously many educators are considering how religion may be restored to a worthy position in American colleges and universities. —KENNETH D. MILLER.

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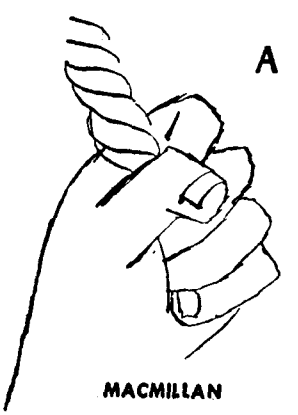

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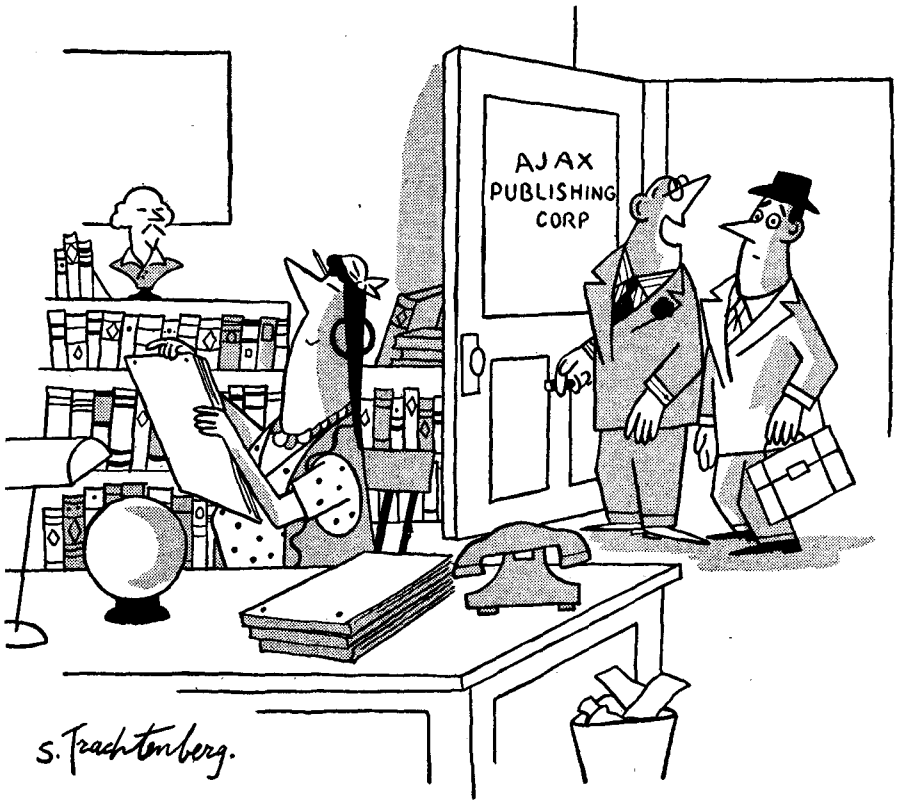
THE GULLIVERS OF DOS PASSOS

(*Continued from page 7*)

Elizabethan rascal or fool, so Dos Passos's work is full of comic portraits of American types, of bootleggers and Vassar girls, hillbillies and bankers, movie stars and labor bosses, radio pundits and merchant seamen; it would be difficult to name a type in our society which does not appear in Dos Passos. But always, from the day Fainy McCreary had to decide between his feelings for Masie and his loyalty to the IWW, the core of Dos Passos's work has been an isolating, individual struggle between stubborn idealism and the corrupting forces of an organized society which demands conformity.

The passion of Swift's work comes to its sharpest focus in his hatred of the organized selfishness and hypocrisy of society: "I have ever hated all nations, professions, and communities, and all my love is toward individuals. . . . Principally I hate and detest that animal called man, although I heartily love John, Peter, Thomas, and so forth. . . ." The passion of Dos Passos's work is of exactly this kind. People may suppress the John, Peter, Thomas in themselves, as does Dick Savage when he sacrifices Daughter to conformity and success; but they die inside. Or they may insist on preserving it at any cost, as does Glenn Spotswood. In Dos Passos this cost is always not less than everything; these people are always destroyed by organized society, by the organized middle class, by organized business or labor or politics (standard American, which destroyed Tyler Spotswood, or CP, which destroyed Glenn).

Dos Passos was some time in arriving at the picaresque form which would allow full play to all these feelings, but he began to work toward it in "Manhattan Transfer." In the book's wonderful panorama of representative American lives, of manners and customs, the lives of Ellen Thatcher and Jimmy Herf stand out. The last we see of Ellen she is on her way to meet George Baldwin, for whom she is divorcing Jimmy. "There are lives to be lived," she thinks, "if only you didn't care. Care for what, for what. The opinion of mankind, money, success, hotel lobbies, health, umbrellas, Uneeda biscuits. . . . As she goes through the shining soundless revolving door . . . there shoots through her a sudden pang of something forgotten. . . . What did I forget in the taxicab?" What she forgot was her life. But the last we see of Jimmy Herf he is pulling out, down to his last three cents and hitching a ride with a red-headed truck driver. " 'How fur ye goin?' 'I dunno. . . . Pretty far.' "



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Through "The 42nd Parallel" and "Nineteen Nineteen" the magnificent panorama of American lives continues. In construction, in the controlled and integrated organization of an immense variety of characters Dos Passos goes way beyond Swift. This is structure as Jonson understood it in "The Alchemist," the kind of organization Coleridge was thinking of when he said "The Alchemist" had one of the three perfect plots in the world. But it is only, I believe, with "The Big Money" that Dos Passos achieves the fully developed form of his kind of fiction. In "The Big Money" the attitude of tragic satire, the unwavering sense of the hero's essential innocence, the grim humor of his defeat dominate the novel; and there emerges the full picaresque form in which the hero's life is central and the ironic account of the manners of his world, however detailed, becomes the circumstance of his destruction. As Malcolm Cowley remarked of the book when it was first published, "We are likely to remember it as a furious and somber poem written in a mood of revulsion even more powerful than that which T. S. Eliot expressed in 'The Waste Land.' " The effect of "U. S. A." as a whole is the effect of a world in which no one wins, whether he "succeeds," as do Richard Savage and Margo Dowling and Charlie Anderson, or fails, as do Mary French and Ben Compton and Evelin Hutchins. Their defeat in either case is a defeat beyond social or political redress, perhaps beyond human redress of any kind.

Since "The Big Money" Dos Passos has continued to write satiric comedies like it. The Gullivers change from novel to novel. Counting both Charlie Anderson and Tyler Spotswood there are two innocent—and therefore finally pathetic—rascals who, like Ellen Thatcher, discover too late that they have left something in the taxicab ("I want to talk like we used to when, you know, up the Red River fishin' when there wasn't any," says the dying Charlie Anderson). And there are two stubbornly innocent idealists.

In "Adventures of a Young Man" Glenn Spotswood really believes in the ideals of Communism and is therefore excommunicated and eventually murdered by the Party. In "Grand Design" Millard Carroll believes in the same way in the ideals of the New Deal and is thrown into the discard along with it when the war comes along. The stubborn esthetic resistance to the world of John Andrews in "Three Soldiers" has gradually changed through the course of Dos

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Passos's work to the stubborn unworldliness of the Good American. Each of these heroes is the predestined victim of all the forces of compromise and corruption in his immediate society. Like the comic victims of all works of this kind —like Don Quixote and Alceste and Candide, like Sir Fopling Flutter and Joseph Andrews and Gulliver — the hero allows his author to show how greed and lust in their various local American forms operate to destroy the virtues American society is supposed to live by. Each has the innocence and the incurable purity of motive of the genuine idealist ("Tyler, what I'd started to write you about was not letting them sell out too much of the for the people and by the people part of the old-time United States way"). Each has, too, the primness, for Dos Passos can, like all good comic writers, see that his hero's stubborn goodness is not only touching but in the circumstances grimly funny.

Around each of these heroes Dos Passos constructs his wonderfully varied, satiric representation of a segment of American society, of the business world, of the labor movement, of professional politics, of New-Deal Washington. Each subordinate character fits his part in the whole by being what Jonson would have called a "humor." You cannot easily forget Marice Gulick or Comrade Irving Silverstone or Chuck Crawford or Herbert Spotswood; you remember them not because they seem "real" to you but because, like Sir Epicure Mammon, they are classic representations of their types, warmed to the kind of life all great satirists can create by the anger and grief of their author at finding them what they are. "Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?/Who would not weep, if Atticus were he?"

All these characters are held together by the beautifully integrated action. From the point of view of strict verisimilitude Dos Passos's story has far too many coincidences, just as it has far too many type characters. Glenn Spotswood, for instance, meets the Gulicks when he is a student and even lives in their house for a while; Tyler meets them when he is working for Chuck Crawford; Millard Carroll begins his career in Washington by having dinner with them. If your standards are those of the realistic novel you will be annoyed to find that every liberal academic economist no matter where he turns up is always Mike Gulick. But you might as well protest against Swift that of all the possible men in boats it is always Lemuel Gulliver who gets stranded on odd islands. Each of Dos Passos's minor characters leads a representative life; that life is related to other representative lives in typical ways. If we are to see Dos Passos's world whole we must see how each of these lives impinges on every other one. In a fiction

I Would Choose a Feudal Love

By Gilbert Byron

BLOW, wind, blow!
O summer sou'wester,
All this I am a part of.
Toss the bay,
Ripple the rivers—
Muddy Honga, twisting Choptank,
Native Chester, the blue Miles.
Up the Tuckahoe,
Blow, wind, blow!
Fill the canvas
Of bugeyes and skipjacks,
Of schooners sailing
Wing and wing.
Pluck the shrouds,
Sing, wind, sing!
Scud old watermen,
Breed the stoic,
Speed the crabber,
Rock the gull.
Lull, wind, lull!
Through the marshes,
To the great and lesser herons,
To all that crawl.
Drive the snake doctor,
Dart the dragon fly,
Sigh, wind, sigh!
Through the pines,
Through the oaks and hollies;
Hie the dove's cooing
Down dusty lanes;
Nod the cornflower,
Toot the trumpet
In the honeysuckle vine.
Whine, wind, whine!
Around the steeple
Of the village church.
Yet quietly, quietly,
Through the tall grass—
Do not tell them.
Softly, wind, softly,
Fan the fragrance
From sweet petals,
Stir lace curtains,
Part curls not permanent;
Cool the passions—
Bring sweet slumber.

Gently, wind, gently,
Whisper to this wooded cove.
Tenderly, tenderly,
O summer sou'wester,
I would choose a feudal love.

What would you do?

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where the characters are typical such coincidents—as long as they are individually plausible—are truer than random events would be. Dos Passos's greatest imaginative achievement is to have constructed this complex, minutely detailed, and yet tightly interlocked pattern of lives; it is the equivalent in his work of Faulkner's genealogy.

Just as the pattern of the story is designed to emphasize the representative nature of the characters, so is Dos Passos's style. Except for the Camera Eye in "U. S. A." and the interspersed prose poems of direct moralizing in the later novels, which seem to me a mistake, he writes in a flat, deadly accurate, and devastating prose which reduces events and motives to what seems to Dos Passos their essential horror. These qualities are particularly evident in the last three novels, from the moment when Glenn defies the concentratedly fatuous Dr. Talcott at Camp Winnesquam to the final scene between Paul Graves and Walker Watson. They are most brilliantly demonstrated in the dialogue, in Joe Yerkes's wonderfully banal CP jargon, in Marice's fashionable drawing-room Freudian chatter, in Chuck Crawford's quintessential demagoguery, in Jerry Evans's bullying businessman's jocularity. Dos Passos's characters do not speak the language of the unique and special, the "interesting" personality; they speak with the voices of whole kinds, concentrated to cliché and glowing with Dos Passos's sad scorn for their terrible inadequacy. His novels are a nightmare of people damned to go on muttering forever "our beautiful lake . . . our lifegiving air," "wanted to observe complexes in various social stratifications," "hadn't been able to restrain her bourgeois possessive feelings," "this great world-wide effort to block the advance of tyranny and barbarism," "the case of those poor damned oil men."

To say that the talk and the feelings of Dos Passos's people are commonplace is to miss altogether the governing irony of his work: one might as well say that Polonius or The Citizen in "Ulysses" are not always so intelligent or original as they might be. To say that Dos Passos's judgment of our world is the application to it of perfectly familiar values is to ignore what makes his work the imposing indictment it is, that is, the passionate sincerity of his hatred of our failure, of humanity's failure, to be what it professes—and what it ought—to be.

Arthur Mizener, professor of English at Carleton College, is the author of "The Far Side of Paradise," a biography of F. Scott Fitzgerald.

The Film Forum

CHAPLIN

***The Saturday Review's* Guide to Selected 16mm. Sound Films.**

EDITOR'S NOTE: *With the recent publication of Theodore Huff's book "Charlie Chaplin" (SRL April 7) and the successful revival of "City Lights" it seems appropriate to devote* THE FILM FORUM *this week to those of Chaplin's early comedies which are currently available on 16mm. In spite of the fact that they come to us in rather poor condition—mutilated, speeded up, with added sound effects that detract rather than enhance—many of them are still a pleasure and a privilege to watch.*

All the background information for this column is based on Mr. Huff's impressive biography, published by Henry Schuman, Inc., New York. Aside from its abundance of factual material, the book is profusely and handsomely illustrated with almost 150 pictures of Chaplin off and on the screen, making it a treasure as well as a document.

LAUGHING GAS. THE FACE ON THE BAR-ROOM FLOOR. *Distributed by Official Films, 25 West 45th St., New York 19, N. Y. Available for purchase and rental from most commercial 16mm. libraries. (Each about 10 min.)* In 1914 Chaplin signed a year's contract to make his first motion-picture comedies at Mack Sennett's Keystone studios at the salary of $150 per week. He had already been successful in vaudeville and other stage productions both in England and on tour in the U.S., but this new salary was impressive compared to his former $50. In his year at Keystone Chaplin made thirty-four one- and two-reel shorts. After having completed a dozen of these films he began writing and directing them as well, as he has done with nearly every film since then. These first comedies are barely distinguishable from the other slapstick comedies of that time, but in them appeared the costume, the personality, the mannerisms, and much of the film sense that mark Chaplin's later films. ("In the Park" and "The Champion," two Essanay comedies of 1915, are also distributed by Official.)

TILLIE'S PUNCTURED ROMANCE. *Available for rental from Brandon Films, 220 West 57th St., New York 19, N. Y. (60 min.)* Chaplin's first feature film, the first full-length movie comedy, was made for Keystone in 1914. It took fourteen weeks to shoot. Mack Sennett directed, Marie Dressler starred, Mabel Normand and an "all-star cast" appeared along with Chaplin. Based on Dressler's stage success "Tillie's Nightmare" the film cast Chaplin as a city slicker opposite the hugely innocent country girl. The film has never been considered a Chaplin achievement, but it helped popularize his face and his name. Since it is still shown periodically in theatres Huff considers it an apt candidate for the oldest "living" feature film.

CARMEN *(also called "Burlesque on Carmen"). Available for rental from Brandon Films, see above. (50 min.)* With the expiration of the Keystone contract Chaplin went to work at Essanay at $1,250 a week. He made fourteen short comedies, which are said to have cleared over a million dollars for his producers. Most of these films featured the beautiful Edna Purviance, Chaplin's "perfect partner."

"Carmen" was originally produced as a two-reeler, but when Chaplin left to go to another studio Essanay padded it with extraneous Ben Turpin footage spliced in here and there. This accounts for its insanely unrelated subplot but for my money does not detract from the deliciousness of the film. The Chaplin we see in "Carmen" is the great Chaplin.

TWELVE COMEDIES *(1916-1917). Available for rental and purchase from Brandon Films, see above. (Each about 20 min.)* Less than two and a half years after Chaplin completed his first ten-minute film he signed a third contract, this time with the Mutual Company. His salary was $10,000 a week, with a bonus of $150,000—totaling $670,000. He made twelve films in eighteen months. All of them are available on 16mm. with added soundtracks of music and crude sound effects. Edna Purviance is again the leading lady, and Eric Campbell is the monstrous villain.

Of the twelve films, I have seen and can highly recommend "Easy Street," "The Cure," "The Adventurer," "The Immigrant," and "One A. M."—the latter a remarkable solo performance. Each of them has its priceless scenes, often imitated, seldom equaled, never surpassed. James Agee writing in *Life* says that "Chaplin would have made his period in movies a great one single-handed even if he [had] made nothing except 'The Cure' or 'One A. M.' "

Other available titles are "The Fireman," "The Floorwalker," "The Vagabond," "The Count," "The Pawnshop," "Behind the Screen," and "The Rink." An illustrated eight-page descriptive brochure is available on request from Brandon Films. The films are also available in three groups of four titles, spliced together as Chaplin Festival A, B, and C.

One further word: I am not now, and never have been, a subscriber to the idea that young children enjoy Chaplin comedies.

—CECILE STARR.

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(Continued on page 38)

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(Continued from page 37)

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DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Nickname for the state of Alabama.	27 2 7 49 80 101
B. Tenderly (with "con"; It. music dir.).	22 37 81 17 148 157 51
C. Capital of the Confederacy.	142 54 82 72 114 174 122 3
D. Means moving when used before "cause."	79 96 166 48 173 88 14 111 145
E. Used in title of volume by James T. Fields, 1872, to mean times past.	5 59 104 137 143 164 47 18 26 131
F. State flower of Minnesota.	90 158 102 74 4 9 57 52
G. Winner, Pulitzer Prize in poetry, 1936, for "Strange Holiness."	40 63 97 176 31 46
H. Full of capricious notions.	108 150 95 35 89 50 161 76 139
I. Lake in Minnesota, source of Mississippi River.	8 23 121 55 32 24
J. A kind of black poplar tree.	140 83 127 146 42 77 123 61
K. Second set in a quadrille.	60 65 91 109
L. Not distant in time or space.	41 84 126 67 112 33 163 1 98

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Proving ground in Maryland for U. S. military material.	73 159 179 134 156 151 100 129
N. Surrounded or encompassed by (*aphetic form*).	85 29 169
O. Makes a sudden move or excursion in life (2 wds.).	178 172 117 12 58 110 136 45 86 71
P. Anglo-Saxon king's council (var. sp.).	69 165 68 93 87 118 78 106 132 36 62 135
Q. Roman highways.	138 13 155 19 38
R. Ferocity.	30 99 177 119 11 162 113 153 124 103
S. Principal word in title of popular poem by Adelaide Procter, set to music by Sir Arthur Sullivan.	44 75 39 28 94
T. Rustics; clownish persons (fig.).	92 125 64 170 133 6 16 53
U. Medical science that treats of ulcers.	21 160 43 15 171 56 115 141 152
V. Omnipresence.	128 105 70 10 147 167 149 120
W. Beginning to exist, grow, or develop.	175 144 34 116 154 25 20
X. Set the tempo for, as by beating.	107 130 66 168 180

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

		1 L	2 A	3 C	4 F	5 E		6 T	7 A		8 I	9 F		10 V	11 R	12 O
13 Q	14 D		15 U	16 T	17 B	18 E	19 Q		20 W	21 U	22 B	23 I		24 I	25 W	26 E
	27 A	28 S	29 N	30 R	31 G	32 I	33 L	34 W	35 H		36 P	37 B		38 Q	39 S	40 G
41 L	42 J	43 U		44 S	45 O	46 G	47 E	48 D	49 A	50 H	51 B	52 F	53 T		54 C	55 I
	56 U	57 F	58 O	59 E	60 K	61 J		62 P	63 G		64 T	65 K		66 X	67 L	68 P
	69 P	70 V	71 O	72 C		73 M		74 F	75 S	76 H	77 J	78 P	79 D		80 A	81 B
	82 C	83 J	84 L	85 N	86 O	87 P	88 D	89 H	90 F		91 K	92 T	93 P		94 S	95 H
96 D	97 G	98 L	99 R	100 M	101 A	102 F	103 R	104 E		105 V	106 P	107 X	108 H	109 K	110 O	111 D
	112 L	113 R	114 C	115 U	116 W	117 O	118 P	119 R	120 V		121 I	122 C	123 J		124 R	125 T
126 L	127 J	128 V	129 M	130 X	131 E	132 P		133 T	134 M	135 P		136 O	137 E	138 Q	139 H	140 J
	141 U	142 C	143 E	144 W	145 D		146 J	147 V	148 B		149 V	150 H	151 M	152 U		153 R
154 W	155 Q	156 M		157 B	158 F		159 M	160 U		161 H	162 R	163 L	164 E	165 P	166 D	167 V
168 X	169 N		170 T	171 U	172 O		173 D	174 C	175 W	176 G	177 R	178 O	179 M	180 X		

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 10 of this issue.

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SRL / RECORDINGS SECTION

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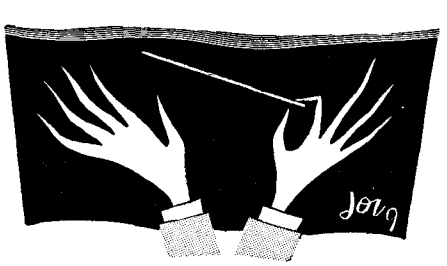
The Koussevitzky Mission

NICOLAS SLONIMSKY

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, who died on June 4 at the age of seventy-six, was not merely a conductor of instinctive genius. His concerts—in Russia, in France, in America—had a mission to perform. This mission was both personal and musical. It was personal because Koussevitzky had at every stage of his life served the cause of a composer, or several composers, to whom he was personally attached. It was musical, because the composers whose works he chose for performance were good and often great composers, and because Koussevitzky gave a totality of devotion to the music he played. He could not do things by halves, or even by 99 per cent. Whether it was an acknowledged masterpiece of the past that he was to conduct or a new pioneer work, it was to him, for the duration of the concert, a great piece of music.

Once when Koussevitzky conducted the "Fantastic Symphony" a modernistically-minded friend remarked to him that there was much in Berlioz's score that was sheer bombast. An expression of agony appeared on Koussevitzky's face. "Even if it is so, I don't want to discuss it," he said. "I must not think of defects when I play the music." On another occasion Koussevitzky was going over the score of Scriabin's "Divine Poem" with young Prokofieff, who offered some irreverent suggestions for improving Scriabin's orchestration, such as putting an extra bass drum in the score. Koussevitzky, visibly perturbed, cut the conversation short.

Koussevitzky was a great catalyst. He championed his cause with relentless determination until the reluctant world was willing to accept the new composers whom he promoted, or the novel interpretations of classical and romantic masterpieces which he offered to the public. But if he had influenced to a degree the musical climate of the half century, the changing times exercised a reciprocal influence on him. Koussevitzky came to America in 1924 as a champion of Russian music. He was the apostle of Scriabin, for whom he had done so much in Russia as interpreter and publisher of Scriabin's music. It was Scriabin's "Poem of Ecstasy" that Koussevitzky featured at his opening concert in America, and Scriabin's music continued to figure on his programs for many years. But as the new type of modern music, more virile and direct in its impact, began to dominate the musical scene, Koussevitzky gradually became detached from Scriabin. During the last decade of his tenure as conductor of the Boston Symphony, Scriabin had disappeared from the programs. The old Russians—Borodin, Rimsky-Korsakov, even Moussorgsky—had similarly receded into limbo. Only Tchaikovsky held his place firmly. In this Koussevitzky followed the trend of the times, for Tchaikovsky was unexpectedly espoused by the moderns as one of the most significant creators in nineteenth-century music.



Of the modern Russians Stravinsky and Prokofieff (then still living in Paris) were high on Koussevitzky's list. It was at Koussevitzky's instigation that Stravinsky wrote his Piano Concerto, and it was Koussevitzky's practical notion that this concerto would give Stravinsky an opportunity to come to America as soloist in his own work. Koussevitzky also commissioned Stravinsky to write a work for the fiftieth anniversary of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which resulted in the composition of the "Symphony of Psalms." Prokofieff, too, had numerous compositions performed for the first time by Koussevitzky in Paris and in Boston, and he was twice invited by Koussevitzky to conduct guest appearances of the Boston Symphony in his own works. Several Russian composers of American residence and citizenship, Nabokov, Berezowsky, Lopatnikoff, owed their careers to Koussevitzky. At least one of them, Vladimir Dukelsky, had the majority of his works performed by the Boston Symphony under Kous-

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sevitzky, while other American orchestras abstained.

Koussevitzky's greatest service as a musical catalyst was the encouragement he gave to the group of American composers whose creative gifts had matured during the second quarter of the present century. Koussevitzky's first American composer was Aaron Copland. Even with Koussevitzky's unshakable hold on the Boston audiences it was an act of courage to put Copland's "jazz" Piano Concerto on the program, with the composer as soloist dispensing strange sounds in staid Symphony Hall. From that day most of Copland's major works received their first performances under Koussevitzky in Boston, being carried to New York and elsewhere on Boston Symphony tours. Walter Piston, too, was the recipient of commissions for new works from Koussevitzky. All of the symphonies by Roy Harris were given by the Boston Symphony during Koussevitzsky's regime, five of them in first performance. Howard Hanson figured on his programs. Samuel Barber, William Schuman, and David Diamond were championed by Koussevitzky with undiminishing zeal. And of the younger generation Lukas Foss was welcomed by Koussevitzky into the fold.

Koussevitzky possessed an uncanny sense of musical values in new scores by unknown composers. He was rarely mistaken in pushing a new talent over the opposition of the critics, the public, and often even the members of the orchestra. This was particularly evident in the cases of Aaron Copland and Roy Harris, whose early works did not meet with general approval. The examination of the programs of the Boston Symphony during Koussevitzky's quarter of the century with that orchestra shows only one instance when Koussevitzky had given repeated performances of symphonic works by a composer who failed to live up to expectations.

This precision of judgment is explained by Koussevitzky's intensity of musical feeling. He followed his instinct rather than technical calculation of musical structure. He could overlook occasional crudity of orchestration, unnecessary dissonance, and formal diffuseness in a score, but he never failed to sense an independent talent struggling through the music. If there was one type of music that left him cold, it was the smooth, technically brilliant, learned type of music that presented no obstacle to study and performance but lacked personal warmth.

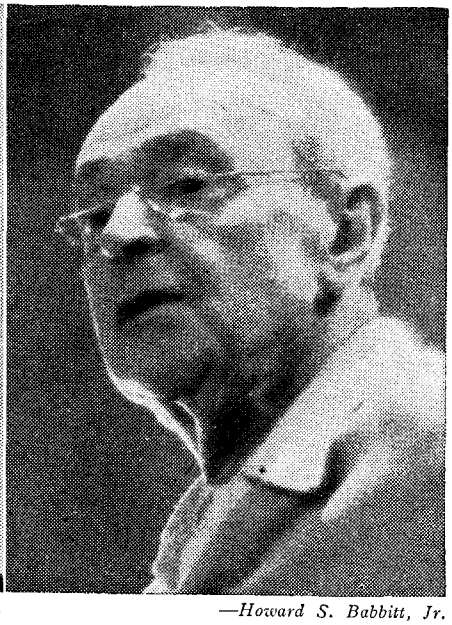
The same conviction in the correctness of his judgment that animated Koussevitzky in championing new works was the active element in his interpretations as well. As conductor, too, he was a relentless catalyst. His legendary reply to a musician who said that he could not play a difficult passage at required speed—"You must can!"—illustrates Koussevitzky's relationship with his players. This relationship, goodness knows, was not all sweetness and light, and Koussevitzky was often unreasonable in his demands on the orchestra; but as one musician put it, "Even when he tells us something that is absolutely wrong, we follow him enthusiastically."

KOUSSEVITZKY could drive the players to distraction by rehearsing individual violin stands in a Tchaikovsky symphony that, as the saying goes, they could play in their sleep. But Koussevitzky refused to let them play except in a palpitating state of vigilance. Conducting a thrice familiar work in an "unimportant" town on tour, he pressed the orchestra on with a passionate devotion that other conductors would reserve for a gala performance at Carnegie Hall. This very capacity of never-flagging musical ecstasy was the secret of Koussevitzky's appeal. Unconsciously, every listener — even a non-musical one—felt that he was getting a hundred-per-cent performance for his money. Musicians might have been painfully cognizant of unnecessary expenditure of energy in Koussevitzky's onrushing drive, in his anguished cues when the music seemed to play itself if left alone, in his insistence on conducting instrumental solo passages which are traditionally performed *ad libitum*—but to the audience this absorption in the music constituted a guarantee of the genuineness of the conductor's effort.

To Koussevitzky there were no secondary parts in a musical score, no transition passages to be glossed over lightly. In a Brahms symphony he would turn to the violas and dramatically underline groups of notes that are nothing more than a sectional development. He would address the violins in a familiar pleading gesture of the outstretched hands, entreating them to play with greater force when they were already exerting all their strength at a climax. He would imperiously point at the trumpets and urge them to give more when they had already given their all. Or else he would impatiently hush a drum player when the drumbeats had long reached the threshold of inaudibility. Many said that Koussevitzky was a born actor, that he enjoyed his own performance as well as the music. It may be so, but is not the conducting podium properly a stage? If the orchestra and the audience are to be impressed with the music, pedestrian restraint is hardly the means to accomplish that.

Of all conductors Koussevitzky professed unreserved admiration only for Arthur Nikisch. As a token of this admiration Koussevitzky once volunteered to play the double-bass in the orchestra when Nikisch conducted in Leipzig. (That was the time when Koussevitzky was creating a sensation as a double-bass virtuoso.) If Koussevitzky can be fitted into any category of conductors it is the Nikisch category, a sort of glorified improvisation along the lines of a rigidly predetermined interpretation. During his entire career Koussevitzky rarely changed these basic lines, even when they seemed to contradict the letter of the printed page. The improvisatory part in his performances was the prod-

—*Lipnitzki.*



—*Howard S. Babbitt, Jr.*

Koussevitzky at the start and end of his Boston years—"never-flagging musical ecstasy."

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uct of what is largely described as inspiration, and success—subjective and objective—depended on the balance of form and mood. Nikisch, who lived before the day of electrical recording, left but a fleeting legend after his death. Happily, the legend of Koussevitzky has been immortalized in recorded sound. Beethoven and Brahms, Tchaikovsky and Sibelius, Berlioz and Strauss, Ravel and Debussy, Stravinsky and Prokofieff can still be heard as Koussevitzky heard them.

In his Russian avatar Koussevitzky founded a publishing house, which in its generosity to composers was without a parallel. Out of his vast fortune he undertook to pay the composers a handsome sum of money as a commission, plus the royalties. The first composer to benefit by this arrangement was Scriabin, to whom it was a matter of life or death, for he was then in very difficult financial circumstances. Stravinsky's "Petrouchka" and "Le Sacre du Printemps" were also published by Koussevitzky, as well as some Rachmaninoff works. Following the Revolution Koussevitzky's publishing activities were moved to Berlin and Paris. There, the Edition Russe de Musique, as Koussevitzky named it, published works by Prokofieff and other Russian composers residing abroad at the time. Again Koussevitzky was a catalyst, giving to the world—often over the strong opposition of the businessmen in the management—complete scores of modern masterpieces which otherwise would have waited many years for publication. The Koussevitzky imprint on the title pages of these scores is a monument to his service in behalf of modern music.

Koussevitzky left still another legacy as the founder of the Berkshire Music Center and the organizer of the Berkshire Festivals. He taught conducting; he imparted his passion for orchestral music to Leonard Bernstein, whom he called "the child of my spirit." Another favorite student of Koussevitzky, Eleazar de Carvalho, has inherited a part of Koussevitzky's musical spirit. Composers who have received commissions to write works for Koussevitzky, young conductors who studied with him, the millions who heard him in Boston, in the Berkshires, in New York, in Europe, in South America, in Israel, have in various degrees of intimacy participated in Koussevitzky's music-making. The life of no other conductor has been so rich and so versatile in fruitful achievement.

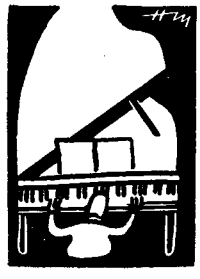
Nicolas Slonimsky is the author of "Music Since 1900" and "Music of Latin America." He was associated, some years back, with Koussevitzky as a musical secretary.

A Concord of Voices

ARTHUR MENDEL

THE RECORDS on which I here report have been subjected to the hardest test such records could endure. They were listened to immediately after I had returned from hearing the dress rehearsal and performance of Hindemith's Collegium Musicum at Yale in a concert of sixteenth-century vocal and instrumental music. After the intensity, the inner melodic life, the elegance, grace, humanity, and exuberant vitality of Hindemith's performances almost any others of similar music are bound to seem at best pale.

To begin at the top, the Belgian organization known as Pro Musica Antiqua, conducted by Safford Cape, has recorded a program of secular music, vocal and instrumental, by Josquin des Prez (EMS LP 213, $5.95). Most of us have never heard such delicately balanced ensembles either of solo voices or of obsolete instruments, and I daresay none of us has ever heard such pure intonation on the old instruments as this wonderful group provides. No lover of old music, or of new-old sounds, can do without this record, which represents a perfection in performance comparable to that of the Budapest Quartet—a rarity in pre-eighteenth-century music. If the singing and playing, with all its finish, seems a little wooden by comparison with what I have just heard—why, unless you heard it too that will not bother you. The record, for which the tape was made in Europe, does the Pro Musica Antiqua musicians a little less than justice—owing mainly, I think, to too clean and intimate acoustics in the recording room. But it is still a delight.



The Harvard University Choir and Radcliffe Choral Society had the benefit of the friendly acoustics of Sanders Theatre in Cambridge for their recording of a program of "Pre-Baroque Sacred Music" (Festival LP 70-202, $4.). There is one gem on this record, the Radcliffe group's altogether lovely singing of Dufay's "Magnificat in the Eighth Mode." The rest of the program (Plainsong, Josquin, Lassus, Palestrina, Byrd, and Praetorius) is sung by the Harvard Choir, with less clarity, with excessively surging ebbs and flows of volume, and beset by intonation troubles (to which variations in the recording speed have apparently made their nasty contribution).

The recording of Haydn's "St. Cecilia Mass" made by the Akademie Chorus of Vienna, the Vienna Symphony Orchestra, and four soloists under Hans Gillesberger (Haydn Society LP set 2028, $11.90) shows once again how unreasonably unrepresentative a "reasonably good" performance can be. I don't know the score of this work, but the young Mozart obviously liked it: his little F major Mass (K.192), which must have been written shortly after he heard the Haydn work, contains unmistakable imitations of it. This pedestrian performance is obviously unfair to a major work. Is this the way to win friends for Haydn? Dead room acoustics are certainly in part responsible for the lack of warmth in this performance.

Two recordings of Palestrina's "Pope Marcellus Mass," one by the Roger Wagner Chorale of Los Angeles (Capitol LP 8126 $4.98) and one by the choir of Saint Eustache in Paris (Vox LP 6790 $5.95), vie with each other in applying "expression" to the Gloria and Credo by great variations in dynamics and tempo. Both succeed in cutting the music up into small fragments. But the Paris fragments are smaller and have sharper edges, thanks to a heavily accented style of singing quite inappropriate to this music. The Los Angeles recording is a little foggy and lacks "presence," but the voices are well balanced and you can follow them individually. The Paris one has a much less good balance, reproduced with a far liver sound. Neither gives an adequate idea of the work.

Finally there comes riding along on the coat-tails of Thomas Merton's "Seven-Storey Mountain" a recording of Gregorian chants, "Laudate Dominum," sung by the Trappist Monks of the Abbey of Gethsemani, Kentucky (Columbia LP 54394 $5.45) with annotations by Merton and, terrible to relate, translations of the chants murmured into the ear of the microphone phrase by phrase *during the singing*. Whatever the devotional advantages of this record, its musical qualities are negated by these intrusions.

Arthur Mendel is co-editor of "The Bach Reader" and a choral conductor specializing in pre-nineteenth-century music.

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Singers, Past and Present

HEARTENING evidence that Vienna can still mold a singer of the Tauber or Lehmann quality is at hand this month with a London disc (LP 345, $5.95) by Anton Dermota, a tenor of Yugoslav origin and Viennese residence. In four arias (Mozart and Richard Strauss) and eight songs (Schumann, Wolf, and Strauss) he proves himself fully the equal of the outstanding singers who helped make Vienna a musical mecca between World Wars I and II. As an interpreter of lieder Dermota combines a full-bodied, masculine voice with a warm, delicate style that recalls the great Lotte at her best. A purist might cavil at some liberties he takes with "Der Nussbaum," but I can conceive of no objections to his lusty "Nimmersatte Liebe," the beautifully understated "Auf ein altes Bild," or the buoyant and lilting "Ständchen" of Strauss. Hilde Dermota, the tenor's wife, is his musicianly accompanist. In the Mozart arias ("Dalla sua pace," "Il mio tesoro," and "Dies Bildnis") one senses a slight straining for top notes, but it's a very small blemish on otherwise remarkable singing. An aria from Strauss's last-period "Capriccio" (in which the Vienna Philharmonic under Karl Böhm is augmented by an anonymous harpsichordist) whets the appetite for more.

Hans Hotter's recording of "Die Winterreise" with Michael Raucheisen accompanying (Decca LP set 111, $11.70) is what the French would call "honest." He delivers the gloomy Schubert cycle with well-bred sincerity and vocal finish. Of interpretive magic, however, I detect nary a glint. A dragging pace in several songs—"Frühlingstraum" and "Täuschung" for two—doesn't help matters. Decca's packaging (complete text in large print, plus annotations) can stand as a model of the way song recordings ought to be presented. The interpretive temperature grows warmer when Hotter turns to Wagnerian excerpts (Decca LP 9514, $5.85). Included are "Die Frist ist um" ("Fliegende Holländer"), "Wotans Abschied" ("Walküre"), and the "Fliedermonolog" and "Wahnmonolog" ("Meistersinger"). The towering baritone was in better voice when he made these than at his Metropolitan appearances last season, and his feeling for the music is obvious. Deutsche Grammophon records provided the raw material for this LP, which may explain why two of the excerpts break off precipitously.

—*Fayer.*

Anton Dermota—"Vienna can still mold a singer of the Tauber or Lehmann quality."

The reissue on one Decca disc (LP 9522, $5.85) of all the "Carmen" selections recorded by Conchita Supervia (in Paris during the early Thirties) is earnestly commended to any phonophile ignorant of these remarkable legacies. Hearing them all again in unbroken succession, they sparkle even more brilliantly than fond memory had imagined. Who cares that the recording is old? Certain attainments — Supervia's keen rhythmic sense, her clear enunciation and amazing breath control, her conception of a Carmen at once sultry and girlishly flighty—do not require the blandishments of high fidelity. In addition to the three expectable arias this disc offers the Act III "Card Scene" and the duets with José from Acts II and IV (Micheletti being the tenor). Another, and equally impressive, Supervia reissue couples the Falla "Seven Popular Spanish Songs" with the "Tonadillas" of Granados (Decca LP 510, $3.85), in both of which Frank Marshall plays the excellent accompaniments. The dubbings are well accomplished, with even volume level and minimal surface hiss.

From the same Parlophone-Odeon archives that fed the Supervia discs comes a Lotte Lehmann operatic recital (Decca LP 9523, $5.85). Until 1934, when her allegiance went to HMV and Victor, Lehmann recorded copiously for these labels. A selection had thus to be made from great abundance, and inevitably there will be complaints. Certainly, no one will question the choice of Lehmann's soaring "Komm' Hoffnung" ("Fidelio") or the rapturous "Elsas Traum," but what of her two Mozart arias (the closest to plodding this artist ever came) or the "Madame Butterfly" entrance scene sung in German? For the middling Mozart I would have substituted the unparalleled "Ariadne" or "Arabella" arias, and as an instance of Lehmann's Puccini style I would have preferred the Act I "Tosca" duet sung in Italian with Jan Kiepura. These are minor carps. More germane is the major praise owing Decca for making these performances so easily available.

One of the glories of last year's Beecham-directed "Ariadne auf Naxos" at Edinburgh was the miraculously true coloratura of Ilse Hollweg. Hearing this young German soprano sing Zerbinetta's aria again (on London LP 250, $4.95), this time with the London Symphony under Josef Krips, the effect is not nearly so gratifying. Whether Beecham mesmerized her to greater accomplishment or whether he simply threw a veil over vocal faults by his own impelling mastery of the score, I am not prepared to say. In any case, the performance here sounds labored. On the reverse Miss Hollweg turns to a pair of Mozart concert arias (K. 416 and K. 419), but it is neither first-rate singing nor first-rate Mozart. Another London offering (LP 325, $4.95), entitled "Puccini Opera Highlights," is the first of a series designed to introduce promising young singers from various European countries. This one features the soprano Rosetta Noli and the tenors Giuseppe Campora and Ferrando Ferrari in arias and duets from "Bohème," "Tosca," "Butterfly," and "Turandot." One does not expect much subtlety or individuality of expression among singers in their mid-twenties, and these young Italians show no special precocity. Nor do any of their voices possess ravishing natural beauty. It's just good average Italian singing with pedestrian accompaniment by Alberto Erede and the Suisse Romande Orchestra. An annoying hum obtrudes in both this and the Hollweg recording.

Ljuba Welitch sings with her accustomed "oomph" two arias each from Tchaikovsky's "Pique Dame" (in German) and Verdi's "Un Ballo in Maschera" (in Italian), with fine support from the Vienna State Opera Orchestra conducted by Rudolf Moralt. There's a knife-like quality to this singer's voice and a wow-'em forcefulness in her interpretive style that keeps me from a genuinely enthusiastic endorsement. But this is a minority opinion, and Welitch's many admirers will find considerable sustenance in these well-recorded excerpts. On the reverse she busies herself with lighter fare: three Lehar *morceaux* and that old Gitta Alpar specialty, "Ich schenk mein Herz" (London LP 69, $5.95).

—ROLAND GELATT.

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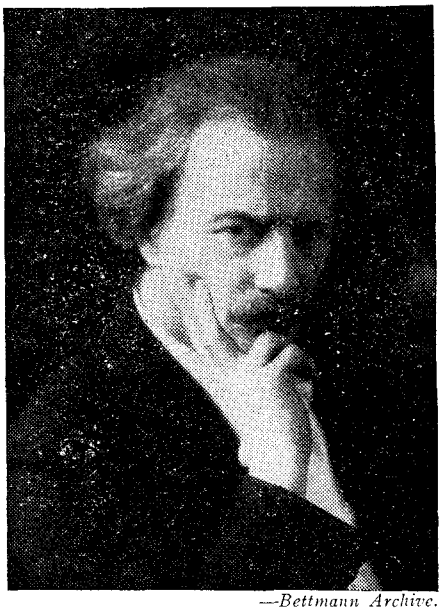
Recollections of Paderewski

WANDA LANDOWSKA



—*Bettmann Archive.*

Paderewski—"a proud and fearless soul."

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In commemoration of Ignace Jan Paderewski's death ten years ago (June 29, 1941) the great Polish harpsichordist Wanda Landowska has written some recollections of her famous compatriot. The Polish music mentioned by Mme. Landowska will be presented in a forthcoming RCA Victor recording, "Landowska Plays for Paderewski," to be released in October.*

I HAD always longed to meet Paderewski. How often during the period when I was studying composition with Urban in Berlin did I regret having come there years too late to meet him, for he, too, had been a pupil of Urban. Paderewski, Joseph Hoffman, Karlowicz, Opienski, and myself—all of us Poles—why did we go to Germany to study? Because at the end of the nineteenth century Poland believed in the supremacy of that country in the realm of musical instruction. Thus even a Paderewski hastened there—and certainly Paderewski was no lover of Germany. Amusingly enough, during the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries Polish music had exercised a wide and profound influence upon German music. Poland took her revenge in advance.

Happily, my intense desire to know Paderewski at last was realized. In October 1910 a festival was scheduled at Lwow to celebrate the centenary of Chopin. Paderewski, the heart and soul of the celebrations, was to make a speech. I had been asked to play some ancient Polish music, for the most part from manuscript scores. But during the preliminaries with the organizers of the program, to my great surprise, I ran into difficulties which threatened to break the engagement. I later understood the reasons. When I arrived in Lwow with my harpsichord my friends revealed everything to me: Paderewski had read my book "Musique Ancienne," published the preceding year. The mocking way in which I treated over-romantic virtuosos had enraged him. He had felt that my remarks were aimed at him. God knows such a thought was far from my mind! Some of my friends, writers and musicologists, did their best to assure Paderewski of my "innocence"—fortunately with success. I had the place of honor on the program. Paderewski attended my concert—it was the first time he had heard me play—and was enthusiastic. He sent me the most beautiful roses in the world. I was happy to feel that I had made a friend. During the festival I saw Paderewski almost every day, and I shall never forget what he once said to me: "The harpsichord has always interested me, but I never knew one could make this instrument sing."

Paderewski's famous address on Chopin was delivered October 23, 1910. It was a revelation to me.

Since that time I have often given concerts devoted to ancient Polish music, in Paris, St.-Leu, Switzerland, and New York. Paderewski attended almost all of these, taking a deep interest in my programs, where folk music always played a large part. He was particularly moved by the Polish dances of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries because of the mazurka rhythm he discovered in them. The resemblance between the bourrée of Auvergne and the oberek (a kind of mazurka) struck him. An admirable linguist, able to improvise speeches in many languages, Paderewski once speculated to me whether the words "bourrée" and "oberek," which are phonetically related, might not have a common etymological origin. He adored the polonaises by Oginski, and the "Air grave pour deux Polonais" by Rameau filled him with national pride.

I often think of certain conversations I had with Paderewski. His simplicity and his spontaneous and warm kindness were those of a great man. He had a keen curiosity for everything and particularly for folk music. This is the more interesting since this aspect of Paderewski is little known. He had an extraordinary sense of humor. One evening, after a supper with friends in New York, Paderewski insisted on escorting me home. In a very lively mood, I sang some mazurkas from the country around Warsaw and in Polish patois told him some peasant anecdotes which amused him hugely. How he enjoyed them! I still hear his laughter, youthful and sonorous.

Paderewski's love for folk music can be understood when one realizes that, born in Podolia—as was the writer Joseph Conrad—in the village of Kurilowka, from his earliest childhood he heard the peasants sing and saw them dance.

Surprisingly enough, the songs of the Polish Tatra highlanders later cast a strong spell on Paderewski. The fantastic character of this region and its music is in striking contrast to that of the vast Podolian plains. In fact, Paderewski liked to spend long visits in Zakopane, a resort in the Tatra. There he went to hear the improvisations of the "Goral" (Highlander) Bartek Obrochta, famous in the country, and these inspired Paderewski to compose his "Tatra-Album." Professor Jan Kucharzewski, in his beautiful speech at Buffalo in 1940 on the fiftieth anniversary of Paderewski's first concert in the United States, told how Paderewski saw the "Goral" Bartek Obrochta again in Zakopane after a long separation. Finding him looking much older, he said: "You didn't have so many white hairs in the old days." To which Bartek replied, looking at Paderewski's flamboyant mane: "Well, there's so much gold in yours that the silver doesn't show!"

But what remains most deeply fixed in my memory is Paderewski the incomparable orator. I can see again the great crowded Opera of Lwow, an ocean of people swaying with excitement, dominated by the orator and breathing in his words. From the distant stage, his rich, clear voice, his noble and simple gestures, his flaming hair, all seemed to sparkle.

Chopin . . . the most romantic of subjects! And yet Paderewski maintained an admirable purity and moderation in dealing with it. His figures of speech were always in the best taste. His comparison of the Polish people with the music of Chopin—both loathing the metronome, living in "tempo rubato"—was a marvel of poetic daring.

Paderewski's art was as complete as his great nature. Whether he spoke or played it was always with the same language of a proud and fearless soul.

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His passionate phrasing, his thoroughbred touch, the vehemence of his tempi, the nobility of his rubato, so profoundly Polish, were but a continuation of his speech. And when, after a roaring crescendo, on a profound silence, the orator's last word hung in the air, one expected the opening attack of the Etude in C minor, that cry of revolt and despair that the taking of Warsaw tore from the grieving heart of Chopin.

The words and the interpretations of Paderewski flowed from the same source. They strengthened the multiple unison of his heroic spirit.

Issued by Request

IMPELLED perhaps by RCA Victor's success with the Treasury series, Columbia has delved into its archives and initiated its own series of reissues under the over-all rubric "Issued by Request." The first release is entirely vocal, with a Claudia Muzio operatic recital as the star item (Columbia LP 4404, $4.85). Included here are the eight arias (from Bellini to Cilea) formerly available in Album 259 and the two "Otello" duets with Francesco Merli. I don't suppose anyone still needs to be reminded that Muzio sang with a virtuosity and an imaginative flair that ranks her among the greatest of departed divas. The only question of moment now is the measure of Columbia's success in dubbing the 1935 masters onto microgroove. As this is report-card time I'll grade the Columbia engineers a C+ on their efforts for Muzio. In LP reproduction her voice takes on a shrill, constricted quality that's not to be found in the 78's. Cutting out treble helps some, but it doesn't duplicate the ringing warmth of the original shellacs.

Other items in this first release of Columbia reissues are a complete "Manon Lescaut" of Puccini (LP set SL-111, $9.70) and an abridged "Ernani" (LP 4407, $4.85) and "L'Elisir d'Amore" (LP 4408, $4.85), all in the old La Scala performances with Cav. Lorenzo Molajoli at the helm. It's surprising how well these Milanese performances of the late Twenties stand up to contemporary scrutiny. Doubtless the influence of Signor A. Toscanini in the Scala of this era provides a partial explanation. —R. G.

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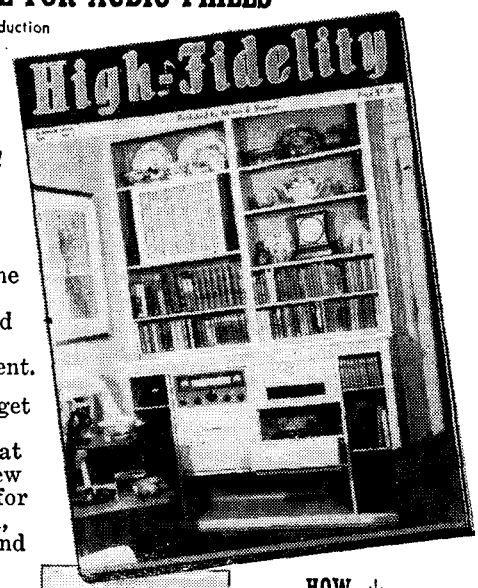

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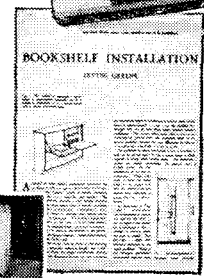

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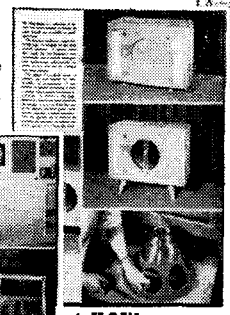

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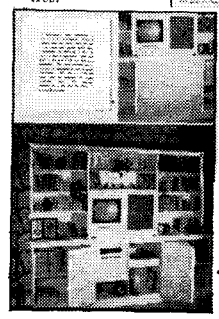

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Recordings in Review

The Over-All Sweep

WAGNER: *"Tristan und Isolde." Margarete Bäumer, soprano, Ludwig Suthaus, tenor, Gottlob Frick, bass, and others, with the Leipzig Gewandhaus Orchestra conducted by Franz Konwitschny.* (Urania LP set 202, $30.25.)

WITH this "Tristan" comes the promulgation of a new theory of recording. The opera was recorded, so the notes explain, on three successive days, each act being run through without a break. "This may seem strange," the annotator concedes, "to those accustomed to hearing of a recording being made piecemeal, with some sections recorded over and over again. It is the belief of Urania and of the conductors who record for it however, that technical perfection is obtained at the loss of over-all sweep and unity." A cynic, recalling J. P. Morgan's maxim that for every action there is a good reason and a real reason, might conclude that the real reason in this instance is economy. Whatever the impelling motive may be, the practice strikes this listener as questionable. Perfection is exactly what one expects from a recording. Such minor blemishes as are allowable in a live performance no longer pass muster when frozen permanently in record grooves. The great opera recordings — say, Beecham's "Zauberflöte," Walter's "Walküre," or Desormière's "Pelléas" — were hammered out side after side, with endless repeats exacted until an unchallengeable standard of excellence was attained. I seriously doubt that such enduring results could ever have been achieved with the "over-all sweep" method.

Hanging over Urania's "Tristan" is what Berlioz once called the curse of the *à peu près*. It keeps teetering on the verge of being first-rate, but seldom quite makes the grade. Some of its faults are inherent in the personnel involved; others could have been obviated with greater care in the performance. A note sung flat, an unequal balance between singers, entrances not quite together, a shaky woodwind passage: lapses of this order occur throughout the recording, and succeed only too well in dulling its impact. Urania is poorly advised to excuse uneven performance as "a slight sacrifice of technical perfection to guarantee over-all organic unity." Most listeners would settle for a bit less unity and a little more precision.

Bäumer sings Isolde to considerably better effect than her previous Leonore or Marschallin. Although still no vocal marvel (above F she is often addicted to crooning), she handles this music with authority and shows real affinity for its style. Bäumer has learned much about effective musical declamation since she first recorded Isolde's "Narrative and Curse" for Parlophone some twenty years ago. But in comparison with other standards—Flagstad's for sheer vocal beauty, Leider's for intensity of expression —this performance clearly belongs to a lesser orbit. Suthaus, too, knows his way about the score, but his voice does not caress the ear and his tendency to slide from tone to tone is regrettable. No reservations need be made about the König Marke of Gottlob Frick, whose artistically employed basso helps to enrich the usually barren second half of Act II. The Gewandhaus Orchestra under Konwitschny generally does credit to this ensemble's reputation, although the engineers kept it too far in the background.

As with last month's "Rosenkavalier," judgment pro or con depends on the prospective purchaser's requirements. If he is avid for a continuous "Tristan" and will be content with the type of performance to be heard regularly over the Central European radio this recording will do very well. If he is looking for a "Tristan" to place beside the Glyndebourne Mozart operas patience is advised.

Though the recording is proclaimed to be "uncut," there is a meaty gash of 322 bars excised from the Act II duet, from "Tristan's "Dem Tage!" to Isolde's "Doch es rächte." I object not to the cut, but to the inaccurate description.

Unmystical Scriabin

SCRIABIN: *Piano Concerto in F sharp minor. Paul Badura-Skoda, piano, with the Vienna Symphony under Henry Swoboda;* also RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF: *Piano Concerto in C sharp minor. The same.* (Westminster LP 5068, $5.95.)

WHATEVER may be the ideal of untrammeled catholic taste, most listeners harbor certain blind spots which no amount of exposure or argumentation can illuminate. Scriabin has been one of my blind spots, and never was I more surprised than to find this concerto by the mystical Alexander so likable. But, then, this work — a product of Scriabin's youth (it dates from 1898) —is not at all mystical, but straightforward, restrained, and with an intent to charm rather than impress. Only later was the composer inspired to evoke "the intoxicated Soul striving and wrestling in the storm of the unchained elements." Those who think of Scriabin solely in terms of "Prometheus" or "The Divine Poem" will find quite another composer should they sample this concerto's middle movement, a set of variations rationally laid out and fetchingly orchestrated. The Chopin derivations are obvious; well in evidence, too, are several indications that Scriabin and Rachmaninoff were pursuing at this time rather similar lines of thought. I doubt whether this recorded interpretation will eclipse memories of the Moscow performances by Rachmaninoff and Koussevitzky, but for those of us new to the music it does very nicely.

Rimsky-Korsakoff's short one-movement piano concerto, his Opus 30 (1882), has not the tonal wizardry that one would expect from this accomplished master. Moreover, like a lecturer who spends all his time on opening remarks, it never really gets down to business.

Beethoven Premieres

BEETHOVEN: *Choral Fantasy in C, Opus 80. Clemens Krauss conducting the Vienna Symphony, with the Akademie Kammerchor and Friedrich Wuehrer, piano.* (Vox LP 6480, $5.95.)

BEETHOVEN: *Cantata on the Death of Emperor Joseph II. Krauss conducting the Vienna Symphony with the Akademie Kammerchor, Alfred Poell, baritone, and Ilona Steingruber, mezzo-soprano.* (Vox LP 6820, $5.95.)

THE time approaches when every note committed to paper by Beethoven will have been committed to microgroove by record makers, and we shall then possess the unedifying aural certification that even this titan could nod. But it will not follow that

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unfamiliar Beethoven is necessarily worthless Beethoven, as the above works prove. Though rare, they are by no means inconsequential. Occasionally the Opus 80 Fantasy is exhumed for public performance; I once heard it (at least a decade ago) in Town Hall, but the only detailed memory that remains of the performance is the image of Toscanini in the audience. In the light of this persuasive disc by Krauss and his forces it would seem that Opus 80 deserves at least part of the attention presently lavished on its neighboring Opus 73 (the "Emperor" Concerto). Every Beethoven authority is at pains to draw a parallel between the Choral Fantasy and the later Ninth Symphony, for not only is it a large instrumental work with a crowning choral epilogue, but its main theme is first cousin to the "joy" melody in the Ninth's final movement. However, even without these parallels the Choral Fantasy would be of interest, not the least for its arresting piano writing and its frieze-like changes of mood.

The early cantata belongs to a lower order of invention. Twenty-year-old Beethoven had yet to learn the merits of brevity, and these repetitive pages cry out for his blue pencil. Yet how patent is this music's authorship and how touching are its more muted sections! Beethoven had not even left Bonn when Joseph II's death inspired this composition, but it carries his musical signature as unmistakably as the "Eroica" finale. Indeed, he thought it sufficiently *sui generis* to use one of its melodies (the aria "Da stiegen die Menschen") note for note at the end of "Fidelio." The opening and closing choruses, with their brooding intensity and dramatic contrasts between voices and orchestra, should dispel the notion that early Beethoven is of innocuous joviality all compact. During Beethoven's life the cantata was never performed; what was Bonn's loss is LP's gain. Except for some wobbly vocal marksmanship on the part of Ilona Steingruber, Vox's Vienna performance under Krauss is thoroughly adequate.

Doleful Wives of Windsor

NICOLAI: *"Die Lustigen Weiber von Windsor." Rudolf Kleinert conducting chorus and orchestra of Mitteldeutsche Rundfunk (Leipzig) with Kurt Böhme, bass, Ingeborg Schmitt-Stein, soprano, Aloys Kühnert, tenor, and others.* (*Oceanic LP set* 303, $11.90)

FOR Otto Nicolai's "Lustigen Weiber" one may not require a performance of impeccable finish, but one does expect charm and merriment. Since none of these qualities are prominent in Oceanic's importation from Leipzig, the recording can hardly be termed a rousing success. It is useful to apply touchstones in such matters—in this case Beecham's sprightly revelation of the Overture and Lotte Lehmann's recording of "Nun eilt herbei," a miracle of sparkling high spirits delicately inflected. Not that Kleinert and Schmitt-Stein could (or should) imitate the inimitable Beecham and Lehmann. But their efforts (and the general level of the whole undertaking) fall so short of previously set standards as to make the gap difficult to bridge. The singing here is undistinguished, the ensemble sometimes precarious, and if these artists find any real fun in Nicolai's score they fail to convey it. Am I told that the *zeitgeist* is against them, that there was more cause for Lehmann to be light-hearted in 1929 Berlin than for Kleinert and his company to be so in 1951 Leipzig? Very well. But to explain the cause does not make the performance any more scintillant.

Given the best of conditions, we cannot find the "Merry Wives" quite so merry as audiences did a century ago, although to modern ears there is compensatory delight in the faded charm of its naive melodies. Nicolai is at his worst when he turns sentimental, as in the Act II duet between Fenton and Anna with its treacly violin obbligato, and at his best—like so many German composers of the nineteenth century—in depicting the bewitchery of moonlit forest scenes, specifically the "Moonrise" and "Elf Ballet" sections in Act III.

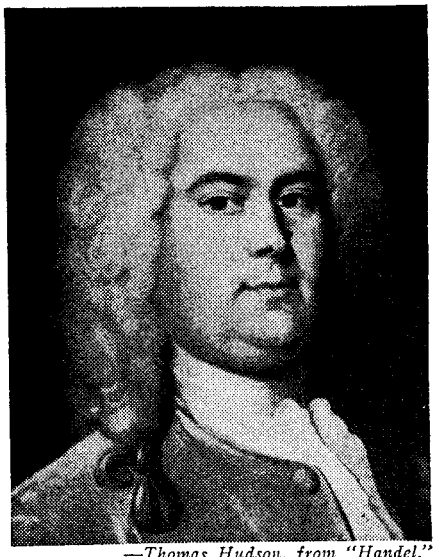
The quotient of recorded sound (almost two hours) to record space (four sides) is remarkable.

—ROLAND GELATT.

Feast of Handel

HANDEL: *Six Concertos for Orchestra, Opus 3; "Alexander's Feast" Concerto. Vienna State Opera Orchestra conducted by Felix Prohaska.* (Bach Guild 505/6, $11.90.)

ADD TO the unmixed blessings of LP a magnificent first recording of the six concertos of Handel's Opus 3, faithfully and excellently played under the baton of Felix Prohaska—and with the Concerto in C major ("The Celebrated Concerto in 'Alexander's Feast'") added as a generous lagniappe. Except for an irritating spot of bad patching in the wonderful dancing finale of the D minor Concerto, Opus 3, No. 5, the technical handling seems exemplary; the special problems of capturing baroque instrumentation have been faced



—Thomas Hudson, from "Handel," by Herbert Weinstock.

Handel—"joyful and majestic command."

down, and the surfaces are lively and smooth.

Dating the six concertos of Handel's Opus 3 is a complex and unrewarding process, but it is sure that they antedate the unreasonably more famous twelve of Opus 6; the superb "Alexander's Feast" Concerto seems to have been composed between Opus 3 and Opus 6. The seven concertos in this recording are variously Italianate, "concerti grossi" in form, but all are vigorously Handelian in rhythm, melodic grandeur, and spacious nobility of harmony. Handel's long residence in England is verified by passages that would not surprise among the works of Purcell. Only rarely, as in the "Largo" second movement of the "Alexander's Feast" Concerto, does this music mark Handel as Bach's exact contemporary, and then it does so by a seemingly subjective poignance. Mostly (and it is this which Mr. Prohaska has—in both senses of the word—realized so well), these concertos could be symbols of Handel's radiant vigor, of his joyful and majestic command of music-making.

The useful notes accompanying this recording specify the care with which, for this performance, the obviously incomplete notation was filled out both as to ornamentation and as to the harpsichord part. Certainly no jarring anachronistic sounds result. All in all, this set offers a major addition to the recorded repertoire from the first half of the eighteenth century in four LP sides of rich musical delight. Is it still too much to hope for complete LP recordings of a few of Handel's operas and less well-known oratorios and cantatas? I for one would be willing to wait a little longer for the remotest scraps of Haydn if we could be given some of the major works of "hosannatic Handel." •

—HERBERT WEINSTOCK.

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Recordings Reports: Classical LP's and Albums

See page 52 for Pop Roundup

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach: "Brandenburg" Concerto No. 4; Cantata No. 152. Karl Haas conducting the London Baroque Ensemble. Westminster LP 5067, $5.95.	Anyone who samples this G major "Brandenburg" without reference to the record jacket, as I did, is due for a shock. In place of the usual modern flutes Haas uses the wood recorders of Bach's day, with startling effect on the over-all timbre. Their nasal quality grows most agreeable, especially as played here with plenty of vibrato. The cantata "Tritt auf die Glaubensbahn" profits from the relaxed yet firmly controlled direction of Haas. However, it's spoiled for me by the inadequate singing of the soprano, Dorothy Bond.
Bach: "The Well-Tempered Clavier," Book I, Nos. 17-24. Wanda Landowska, harpsichord. RCA Victor LP 1136, $5.72.	The third instalment of Landowska's *magnum opus*. Needless to say, it maintains the Himalayan standards of the two preceding sets. Of special note: the terrifying, almost brutal march of the A minor fugue; the B flat minor Prelude with its imaginative phrasing, accentuation, and dynamics; the mystical tread of the closing B minor fugue. How nimble are Landowska's fingers after a half-century before the public? The answer is supplied here by the Prelude in B flat major, a miracle of clean, fleet playing.
Beethoven: String Trios, Opus 9, Nos. 2 and 3. The Pasquier Trio. Allegro LP 3015, $5.95.	The prewar Pasquier albums of Beethoven (recorded in France by Pathé and pressed in the U. S. by Columbia) were much prized by collectors. The playing here is every bit as compelling, with the added attractions of LP and modern sound reproduction (this continues the recent improvement in Allegro's recording). Opus 9, No. 2, in D major, is a first recording, though there's no lack in the music to warrant its erstwhile neglect. Two further LP's by the Pasquiers will complete Beethoven's output for string trio.
Brahms: Sonata in D minor, Opus 108. Jascha Heifetz, violin, and William Kapell, piano. RCA Victor LP 71, $4.67.	Was Kapell overawed by his partnership with the famous violinist? It would seem so, judging from his obsequious attitude in the first movement. Fortunately, he asserts himself with more vigor later on. I can't muster much enthusiasm for the throbbing, mushy Adagio; the rest merits a nod of approbation. As with last month's Beethoven C minor Sonata, RCA's engineers could have treated the Heifetz tone more kindly.
Casals: "Cant dels Ocells" and "Sant Marti del Canigó." Pablo Casals, cello, and Prades Festival Orch. Columbia LP (7″) 73249, $1.10.	By rights the attribution should be to "Traditional," but Casals has taken such a hand in the orchestration and arranging as almost to merit authorship. "Cant dels Ocells" (Catalan for "Song of the Birds") is a strange little tune dating from the sixteenth century, which Casals plays with his accustomed wizardry. "Sant Marti" is a ninth-century *sardana*, though you'd never guess it from this nineteenth-century arrangement.
Dvorak: "The Wood Dove"; Six "Legends." Fritz Lehmann conducting Orchestra of Radio Berlin. Urania LP 7010, $5.95.	An addition to the recorded literature of Dvorak, but not of overwhelming interest except to Dvorakians. Late in life the Czech composer attempted five symphonic poems, of which "The Wood Dove" is one and the Beecham-favored "Golden Spinning Wheel" another. Neither shows much fertility of invention. Excellent recording, though Radio Berlin's orchestra is hardly the last word in sumptuous tone.
Haydn: Trumpet Concerto in E flat; Horn Concerto in D. Helmut Wobitsch, trumpet; Franz Koch, horn; Anton Heiler conducting. Haydn Society LP 1038, $5.95.	A first LP appearance for the E flat trumpet concerto, Haydn's last essay in this form and generally held to be his most successful. Those partial to the older Eskdale version will not find their affections alienated by Wobitsch, who plays all the notes but without the Britisher's airy aplomb. A mellow adagio in the horn concerto compensates for the routine outer movements. Brilliant horning by Franz Koch.
Ibert: "Capriccio" and "Divertissement." Henry Swoboda conducting the Winterthur Symphony. Westminster LP 5061, $5.95.	They used to talk of Sardou's "well-made plays." Ibert writes "well-made music"—not a whit profound but delightfully listenable. Swoboda and his Swiss players get into the spirit of the music surprisingly well. The "Suite Elizabethaine" on the reverse is a stylized set of old dances, rather restrained for this usually frothy composer. The Vienna Symphony is the ensemble here, aided by a women's choir and Emmy Loose, soprano.
Kodály: "Háry János" Suite. Georg Solti conducting the Bavarian State Orchestra. Decca LP 9518, $5.85.	Solti's conception of this music does not follow the path of vigorous virtuosity usually marked out by other conductors. As there's an excess of display in the score itself, this understated and delicate interpretation has much to commend it, especially as executed by the suave Bavarian orchestra and recorded by Deutsche Grammophon engineers. Overside is a dubbing of De Sabata's wartime discing of the "Galanta Dances" with the Berlin Philharmonic. My pressing was noisy.
Scarlatti: Eleven Sonatas. Clara Haskil, piano. Westminster LP 5072, $5.95.	Excellent pianism, but not so excellent Scarlatti. Haskil plays with her wonted tonal luster and fluidity of line. For this music, however, it's too diaphanous, lacking the jaunty crispness that Domenico so often requires.
Schubert: Sonata in B flat. Wilhelm Kempff, piano. London LP 307, $5.95.	An instance of master piano playing. Kempff's work here amounts to a catalogue of pianistic virtues. His rubato is always in good taste, never obvious; he knows just where to "take a breath"; he resists every opportunity to show off; above all, he succeeds in maintaining an Olympian repose, something vouchsafed to few contemporaries. Good recording to match a wide range of tone.
Schumann: "Papillons"; "Kinderszenen." Guiomar Novaes, piano. Vox LP 6900, $5.95.	Novaes is a persuasive sorceress in transmuting the thin brew of "Papillons" into rich nourishment. This playing, refined and wonderfully *con grazia*, leaves the steely competition of Gyorgy Sandor (on a recent Columbia LP) far behind. "Kinderszenen" is another matter, with some telling moments but also some dubious ones (a thumpy "Wichtige Begebenheit" and a too-erratic "Fürchtenmachen"). It won't dislodge the Cortot or Horowitz versions in my library.
Smetana: "From Bohemia's Fields and Groves." George Szell conducting the N. Y. Philharmonic. Columbia LP 2177, $4.	Szell's feeling for this music has the ease and assurance that is expectable from a conductor of Czech ancestry and extensive residence in Prague. As a piece of orchestral virtuosity, however, the overside "Moldau" is no match for Toscanini's. —ROLAND GELATT.

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A Batch of Bruckner

AFTER years during which their needs were either ignored or satisfied only by ponderous, costly albums, Bruckner devotees should rejoice at the advent of the LP Age. The latest releases of Bruckner symphonies—the Fourth (in two interpretations), the Sixth, and the Eighth—bring to six the number available on LP discs.

Whenever a Bruckner symphony is performed today there arises the question of which version should be used—the cut version published in Bruckner's lifetime or the Urtext, which, modern scholars believe, represents his original intent. Partisans of both versions present a good case. Those who prefer cut versions state that the cuts were made, with Bruckner's consent, by his pupils. Urtext enthusiasts maintain that Bruckner permitted the cuts unwillingly, and made such concessions only because he had to choose between hearing his works mutilated or not hearing them at all. That today's conductors prefer the Urtext versions is demonstrated by the current batch of Bruckner recordings, all of which present uncut texts. This fact is clearly stated in the album notes for the Sixth and Eighth symphonies. Unfortunately, it is ignored in the notes for both recordings of the Fourth, where instead we read about the "mystic sylvan solitude of lover's pain" or about Bruckner's baggy trousers.

Of the two Fourth recordings—Klemperer's with the Vienna Symphony (Vox LP 6950, $5.95) and Abendroth's with the Leipzig Symphony (Urania LP set 401, $11.90)—Klemperer's is unquestionably the better buy, not only because of its greater physical compactness and lesser cost, but also because of its superior interpretation. Both conductors treat Bruckner's monumental climaxes with love, but even there Abendroth never matches Klemperer's fire, while in Bruckner's lighter moments he becomes heavy-footed. A typical instance occurs repeatedly in the Scherzo, where a snappy two-plus-three rhythmic pattern in the trombones is irritatingly retarded by Abendroth, while Klemperer keeps the tempo moving briskly. In the Trio, Klemperer establishes a comfortable, easy-going tempo corresponding to Bruckner's direction "Gemächlich," while Abendroth's slower tempo sags.

The performances of the Eighth Symphony and "Te Deum," Hamburg Philharmonic directed by Eugen Jochum (Decca LP set 109, $11.70), and of the Sixth Symphony and Psalms 112 and 150, Vienna Symphony directed by Henry Swoboda (Westminster LP set 5055/6, $11.90), are workmanlike, well thought-out, and authoritative. The recording quality in the "Te Deum" seems superior to that in the recording of this work on the Festival label. Among the soloists the truest and strongest voice is that of the tenor Fehenberger, though one might desire a little more of the lush tone which this romantic music demands. The singing of the Wiener Kammerchor in the psalms is brilliant. However, Hilda Ceska, the soprano soloist in the 150th Psalm, sometimes swoops distressingly into her top notes. The 112th Psalm—far finer than the condescending album notes imply—is a grandiose work in the true baroque tradition of double-chorus writing.

All these records (except Abendroth's Fourth) are indispensable to the libraries of Bruckner enthusiasts. For those just becoming acquainted with Bruckner the best single choice is probably Klemperer's Fourth.

—DIKA NEWLIN.

Dika Newlin is the author of a study, published by Columbia University Press, on "Bruckner, Mahler, Schoenberg."

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Pop Roundup

ACCORDING to *The Billboard*, bible to the pop music trade, an enterprise called "Jazz at the Philharmonic" grosses a million dollars per annum for entrepreneur Norman Granz. This includes receipts from a nation-wide concert tour and from Mercury record royalties. Granz hires the leading jazz virtuosos for his troupe, and thanks to his own expert promotional activity contrives to pay them unprecedented high salaries plus record revenue. Granz has nurtured showmanship in most of his performers. Protagonists of "pure" jazz have resented what has frequently become mere exhibitionism, and perhaps as many have resented the unromantic concept of jazzmen with full stomachs.

In concerts Granz has permitted his soloists to improvise as long as they continue to produce ideas and/or excitement. With a live audience as catalyst many of his sessions have caught fire. All of them are recorded, and high spots have been edited for release on JATP discs, which appear with some frequency. Many of the grooves are filled with screeching and repetitious one-note honking. But between these portions one may encounter thrilling solos by such artists as the saxophonists Charlie Parker and Lester Young. These early exponents of avant-garde jazz justify the price of JATP, VOL. 13 (MER LP MG-13). Altoist Parker is at his best in "Embraceable You," which occupies one entire side. Young's tenor work on that side is painful, but he more than redeems himself on the overside, a musical hot-rod termed "The Closer."

Assorted Vocals

The idea of a female barbershop quartet is unique in itself, but The Chordettes are unique by any vocal standards. Their newest release, HARMONY TIME, VOL. 2 (COL LP 6170) presents a capella singing of a most appealing sort. Try "Moonlight on the Ganges" and you'll see what I mean. . . . Since his "Sleigh Ride" turned into a landslide composer Leroy Anderson has been enjoying quite a vogue. Two of his divertissements, THE SYNCOPATED CLOCK and SERENATA, are back to back on a choral disc by Fred Waring's Glee Club (DEC 27563). . . . A fine old picture tune, SING YOU SINNERS, is sung smartly by Margaret Whiting (CAP 1417), with accompaniment that sounds like Ellington, but isn't. . . . Johnny Mercer exudes humor and rare old Southern charm with the great Schwartz-Dietz show tune I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO CHANGE MY PLAN (CAP 1514).

From Paris

Explorers from Tin Pan Alley recently discovered France. Their discovery precipitated a mild avalanche of imported, adapted tunes, several of which have become American hits. In the inevitable search for more hits French performers have come within earshot, and a few—including the redoubtable Edith Piaf—have found *la vie en rose* here, as represented by steady work in New York's fashionable East Side *boites*.

If you've an insatiable taste for Piaf's pungent little tragedies, EDITH PIAF SINGS AGAIN (COL FL-9520) is on a par with her previous programs. The two selections sung in English aren't nearly as bad as one might expect. "La fête continue" and "Tous les amoureux chantent" are more typical however. . . . Jacqueline François, the French Dinah Shore, is expected here sometime this year. Vox has issued her second LP, CHANSONS DE CHARME (VOX PL-3080), featuring a velvety "Feuilles mortes" (popular here as "Autumn Leaves"), and such typical Parisian pops as "Octobre" and "Est-ce ma faute?"

Tino Rossi, whose Columbia discs received limited circulation here before the war, is back again with eight romantic essays in TINO ROSSI SINGS (COL FL-9517). His sugary tenor reminds us of the typical Neopolitan troubador. Half of the tunes are tangos and all have the traditional Romance flavor. Included are "Serenade celeste," "Si votre coeur vagabonde," etc. . . . A more modern troubador with broader appeal, perhaps, may be heard in HENRI SALVADOR SINGS (VOX PL-3090). Salvador's casual yet intimate crooning is influenced by modern American and Latin-American styles. (He comes from the Antilles.) His repertoire includes jazz tunes, pops, Latin adaptations, and folk songs. He plays his own guitar accompaniment on most. This set includes "Clopin Clopant" and "Tout ça," familiar here as "Comme Ci, Comme Ca," and "Count Every Star" respectively. "Parce que ça me donne du courage," delightful little saga of a tippling postman, is a masterpiece.

—BILL SIMON.

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THE OTHER SIDE

(IMPORTED RECORDINGS)

VIENNA.

GENERALIZATIONS based on a week's stay in any capital are perilous but one may safely venture the opinion that 98 per cent of the "world famous" recordings made in this city during the LP era have not been heard here commercially and are not likely ever to be. One or two examples, I am told, have found their way into a few adventurous shops. But there is no trace, in the windows of even these shops, of the discs, ways of playing them, or any appliances thereto.

For the most part phonographic traffic is concerned with "schlager" (hits). In all but the non-representative shops of the cosmopolitan area there are displays of feature tunes that were London successes last fall and New York "hits" the previous spring. A brochure before me, for example, flashes a large question mark in red over the words: "Was ist 'Das Ding?'" Even Phil Harris, I imagine, has forgotten there was such a craze as "The Thing"; and the Viennese, I must say, don't seem to care very much. Such interest as they have in "tanzmusik" seems more actively concerned with a pairing by "Count" Basie and orchestra of "Lady Be Good" and "One O'Clock Jump," which appeared in America *before* World War II. At that, the line saying "Preis jeder Schallplatte S 24.90" may have something to do with it. That's close to one dollar in our currency, and vastly more to the Austrian. It is, for example, about twenty-eight times the price of a loaf of bread. Were American pop records in this relation to the basic index of life business at home would scarcely be brisk either.

The town's top record store is hard by the gutted opera house (now well along toward reconstruction) on Kärtnerstrasse. It reflects the English affiliation of HMV-Columbia-Parlophone, with each given equal billing on its ample sign space. Other than such local fare as compilations of "Wiener Lieder" the windows feature bulky (by LP standards) albums of standard symphonies directed by Herbert von Karajan, Karl Böhm, Clemens Krauss, and other local lights.

But, like the "schlag" that decorates the nourishing pastries that the Viennese consume with enviable avidity, this is just the whipped cream to the serious business of record making that goes on night and day for the export market. In recent weeks a Decca-London "team" pitched camp in the Musik-Verein and came out with a full-length "Freischütz," of which I heard some promising tapes in London. More recently Vox did a Mahler Symphony No. 2 with Otto Klemperer, and during the current weekend Guiomar Novaës has been recording the Schumann Piano Concerto with the same conductor and for the same label. Concurrently Vanguard is proceeding with its Bach cantata series. Thomas Scherman and Moura Lympany are in a huddle over various things (including the "Warsaw Concerto" of Addinsell), and in late June Westminster takes over for a considerable program. Esoterica about to be recorded includes Rossini's "Stabat Mater," for which Jonathan Sternberg is the conductor. Paul Schoeffler is among the solo quartet with Oceanic the eventual sponsor.

One does not have to be long on the scene, however, to discover that these various "Aufnahmen" (*patois Viennois* for a recording session) mean little or nothing so far as uniform results are concerned. There are six to ten different locales in which recordings may be made (the vast Musik-Verein encompasses three, and the equally vast Konzerthaus another three, with various radio studios providing fringe accommodations), each with its own acoustic properties. Thus, to speak of "Viennese recording" as such is as misleading as to speak of "London recording" as such.

In a rather special way, however, the great recording activity here, with which Americans are much more familiar than are the Viennese, has had a stimulating effect on local musical activity. For all its deep current of musical life Vienna is a backwater in the present stream of artistic happenings, with eddies and pools to which the Viennese attach rather more importance than peoples elsewhere. The outside, impartial judgments made possible by recordings have undoubtedly contributed considerably to a broader perspective on Vienna's own talents. At that, it is little enough recompense for the vitalizing musical force that has streamed forward from here on endless tapes. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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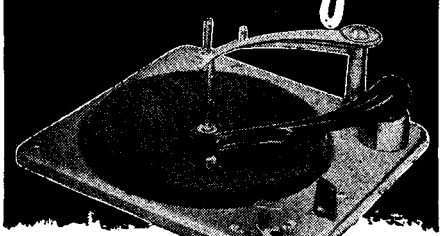

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Spotlight on the Moderns

FOLLOWING in the wake of the successful revival of Berg's "Wozzeck," the first recordings of his solo vocal and instrumental music should meet with a warm reception from not only his seasoned admirers but also the more general public that was surprised at how well it responded to a suspect composer of atonal persuasion. It should be said at once that these little works are mild next to "Wozzeck," for all but one fragment date from his earliest composing years, when he lived in the shadow of the Romantic masters from Schumann to Wagner and early Schoenberg. But they partake of the opera's sensitivity and nostalgia, its gloom and resignation.

Appearing under the imprints of Lyrichord and Dial, the LP's carrying them duplicate one another considerably. This is not surprising for, aside from his two operas, Berg's output was not large. His works in the solo category fit comfortably on two to three LP sides. The Lyrichord release (LP 13, $5.95), along with the Piano Sonata, Opus 1, and the Four Pieces, Opus 5, for clarinet and piano, contains eleven songs, which it describes as the "complete collection" of his works in this genre. But Dial has come up with fourteen songs (LP 15, $5.95), the three extra ones being the songs in manuscript that had their first American performance during the season just ended. These are supplemented by the clarinet pieces.

The Lyrichord outfit's unawareness of the three manuscript songs is symptomatic of the general remoteness from the true Berg style that marks the performances. Catherine Rowe has a lovely voice, Sidney Forrest is expert with the clarinet, and Benjamin Tupas has a fair degree of facility at the piano. But they communicate little of the stifled agony and pathos of the music. The Piano Sonata is fairly heavy-handed, and Miss Rowe's singing is too consistently pretty for the dark sentiments. The moods and tempos vary hardly at all. It is true that there is no substantial change in the character of the music itself through all the songs and instrumental pieces, and listening to them at one sitting is not recommended. But it is precisely for this reason that every last effort at nuance and differentiation must be made. The Dial recording is for this reason, and for the quality of reproduction too, far more satisfying. It has the advantage of highly distinguished and mature singing by the French artist Irène Joachim in the Four Songs, Opus 2, and the authentic style and a certain wistfulness that characterize Bethany Beardslee's performance of the other ten songs. With Jacques Monod as the excellent pianist for Miss Beardslee and for the clarinetist, Earl Thomas, and with René Leibowitz conducting his own orchestration of Opus 2, there is more give and take in the tempos. No opportunity is lost for quickening the pace within the framework of the pervasive slowness. The twelve-tone song of the mature Berg (one of the three in manuscript) is, furthermore, a little gem.

It may be that German modern music in general is not the forte of the Lyrichord performers, for Messrs. Tupas and Forrest in a recording of Hindemith (LP 15, $5.95) have as little affinity with the essential character of this composer's music as with that of Berg's. Here, too, Lyrichord has the ill fortune of competition on the current list to point this up, for the Third Piano Sonata that Mr. Tupas plays has also been recorded by Muriel Kerr (Hyperion LP, $5.95), and with much more lively reproduction of the piano sound. Again the Lyrichord tempos are dragged, giving the music a leaden character to deceive the unknowing listener into thinking that Hindemith is in his driest, most pedantic vein. Actually this is one of his most inspired works and among the soundest piano sonatas of our time. Miss Kerr's playing is delicately colored, and the music soars and breathes. It is obvious that for her the performance of Hindemith is as natural and serious an undertaking as the performance of Schumann's "Novellete" in F sharp minor and "Fantasiestücke," Opus 111, which receive such fine treatment on the reverse side of the LP. The Hindemith sonata on the Lyrichord LP is backed up by this composer's Clarinet Sonata.

Bartók's First Sonata for violin and piano (Columbia LP 4376, $4.85) opens with the ingenuity and daring that are typical of its composer's manner around 1920. The fairly rhapsodic procedure maintains, however, for two long movements (one and a half sides of an LP), brusquely terminated by a naively bumptious finale, so that all and all Bartók's second sonata for the same combination is a much more compact and distinguished product. Isaac Stern's masterly playing goes a long way to redeem this release.

A far less representative Bartók release comes from (Peter) Bartók Records (LP 303, $5.95), including "Two Portraits" and Tibor Serly's pointless transcriptions of charming little piano pieces from "Mikrokosmos," the sparseness of which seems rather grotesque in orchestral dress. The "Portraits," Opus 5, are better than the early "Rhapsody" and "Suite" recently issued, but they have little of the unique personality of the mature Bartók works on which his reputation is based. The recording by the New Symphony Orchestra of London under Franco Autori's direction helps round out the Bartók picture on records, and since this picture, as far as his later works are concerned, has rapidly come very near to being complete, it is good to have the early "Portraits" in the catalogue. The sound engineers, incidentally, did very well indeed.

SINCE chamber music for oboe and strings is rare, there may have been a point in unearthing Britten's Fantasy, Opus 2 (Esoteric LP 504, $6.25), and it gave Harold Gomberg a chance to turn in a good performance with three members of the Galimir Quartet. But this work of 1932 has the academic earmarks of a student effort. The String Quartet, Opus 25, accompanying it has the more familiar Britten resourcefulness and almost pat fluency. The Galimir performance, aside from some waywardness of pitch, is competent enough. Britten's cantata "Rejoice in the Lamb" (WCFM LP 4, $5.95) dates from the same period as the string quartet (the early Forties) and it impressed me in much the same way, though the medium is very different. It has episodes that would fit into "Brigadoon," but it was a worthwhile venture for the Chancel Choir of the National Presbyterian Church (Washington, D. C.). The Britten cantata shares this LP with Kodály's "Missa Brevis." Like a very different religious work on the current list, Milhaud's "Sacred Service" for the synagogue (Concert Hall LP set 1103, $11.90), the Kodály mass is well adapted to a period of worship, and both are well above the average of the routine liturgical music composed nowadays. The Milhaud has a striking "Lecho Dodi" and several affecting passages, but neither of these liturgical settings offers enough to the attention outside of the religious context. The Milhaud service might have made for better listening if, in this recording, the spoken readings from the liturgy against quiet organ music had been omitted, for they seem out of place in the living room.

—ARTHUR BERGER.

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Streamlined Gingerbread

WHAT IS the best hall for recording? What is a *good* hall? Endless discussion among all of us on this subject hasn't yet provided a once-and-for-all answer.

The concert hall, remember, originated for purely non-acoustical reasons, to provide shelter and sitting space (and sometimes warmth) for a lot of people who came to listen to music at one time. Acoustical troubles were merely vexatious side-problems, which the Greeks in their open-air theatres had to solve somewhat as we do in our outdoor band shells. The basic intent, at first anyhow, was to get intelligible sound from a source to a lot of ears simultaneously.

But paradoxically, because it never could be solved more than halfway, that transmission problem has now got us into a far more complex pickle. Now we insist upon "live" music—which is nothing more than music which has been deliberately muddied and blurred by compounding it with reflections of itself. We have over centuries made a kind of Darwinian adaptation to environment. We've made a virtue out of a necessity. We prefer the compromised, imperfect sound to the pure.

The ideal concert hall? One that creates the proper values of imperfect sound transmission! One that suits a taste that has been developed just because of these very imperfections! A strange business and against all reason and law and formula. Especially as the composers, too, are implicated in the imperfection; they have written their music, never for any perfect transmission, but deliberately for a multitude of differing acoustical situations which in the vastnesses of their various distortions now become so many "ideals" for us to match. What's perfect for Palestrina may be ruinous to Bach, and you'll hardly find Haydn and Berlioz at ease in the same room. The ideal concert hall, then, is an overlapping multiple image, many halls in one.

Yet even so there are a few shaky generalities we can point to with some effect. To begin with, let's predicate that a good hall must have the right degree of reverberation—reverberation-time in seconds of decay—but also, and far more subtly, the right quality of reverberation. Stone, plaster, metal, wood have differing tonal effects; room shape, especially the complexity of shape, has even more importance. A fairly resonant room is desirable, then. Many older and uglier chambers have it. Most new and elegant ones, with modern sound treatment, do not. (Requirements for speech audibility, we must understand, are directly at odds with the need for complex reflection of sound in music.) Strike one.

Structural material is vital, and I'd categorize roughly in this order: polished and fancy-shaped wood, ornate plaster, ornate stone, plain wood or plaster, flat concrete-and-metal. Strike two. For you will immediately see that this puts highest acoustic value on the types of construction least in vogue today. Moreover—strike three—it is quite clear that the more *complex* are the inner surfaces of a room, the more likely are we to achieve a pleasingly blended sound. Mathematically simple surfaces, such as we dearly love, produce raw, ugly reflections devoid of musical elegance.

We are here in a genuine esthetic dilemma. Never was there less three-dimensional ornamentation than in our architecture. The most circumspect Colonial or Georgian chamber cannot compare in straightness of line to the modern plane-and-curve hall. Whereas, at least in this country, the objects of our architectural derision, those unlovely monuments of the gingerbread era which still stand in almost every town, turn out to give us the finest acoustics we can ask for. They have everything. Elaborately wooden structure, lavishedly carved, ornately curlicued; plaster and stonework that eschews plane and indeed all geometry of form in favor of the infinitely, irrelevantly complex! Couldn't be better; and the more decrepit the fixings the nicer the sound for recording. Columbia's Liederkranz Hall in New York used to have huge, tattered drapes still hanging in dusty ribbons where they'd been for decades, and many a fine recording was made with their aid. Harvard's Sanders Theatre, incredible wooden-framed adjunct to that vast pile of fantasy—1870 style—called Memorial Hall, is one of the finest music places in the East. As far as we're concerned, it is a sad fact that our acoustical virtues tend to rise inversely as architectural beauty falls.

We record owners are lucky. Recording is blind and tape machines are portable. In our search for the ideal hall we have already begun an invasion of disused gyms, county courtrooms, memorial chambers, and other excrescences upon contemporary taste which may well give the architects of the streamlined age occasion for some long thinking. How about some streamlined gingerbread?

—EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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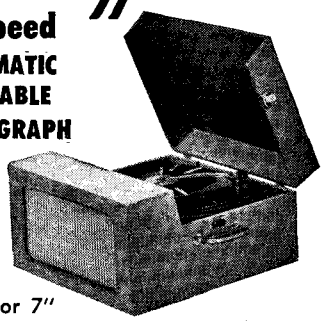
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HITS AND MISSES

THE DEBONAIR and historic jazz pianist Earl "Father" Hines is now represented among Columbia's new series of LP's called "Piano Moods" (LP 6171, $3). The sight of a musician at his work is supposed to have nothing to do with the musical case, and people who gape at a pianist's fingers are poorly regarded in esthetic circles. But those circles have not caught the entire truth, and watching Earl Hines play the piano—a spectacle of the breeziest elegance—not only gives a kinesthetic satisfaction in itself but also provides a visual footnote to the masterly rhythm which is his forte. Hines's playing may lack the melodic interest of, say, Teddy Wilson's; it may lack the harmonic interest of the be-bop masters. But from the rhythmic perspective Hines is unsurpassed. The athletic delicacy with which he occupies his piano bench is only the outward sign of the inward syncopated grace. His rhythm might be characterized as a subtle repartee—often in the realm of badinage—between the right and left hands. No other jazz pianist's left takes such an eloquent part in the musical discussion. It should also be said that while Hines is fancy, as jazz pianists go, he does not err on the side of the slickly effete. Ever since the Twenties, when he first recorded with Louis Armstrong, he has pursued the main stream of hot jazz—up the Mississippi from New Orleans. His brilliant rhythmic confections are compounds of pianola rolling, hot treble figurations, swinging basses, ragtime polyrhythms. The titles in the new album are "Rosetta," "When I Dream of You," "Deed I Do," "These Foolish Things," "You Can Depend on Me," "I Hadn't Anyone 'Til You," "Diane," and "Velvet Moon."

Dorothy Kirsten of the Metropolitan Opera offers us a long-playing collection of the songs by Jerome Kern, as arranged by Percy Faith and accompanied by that gentleman's orchestra and chorus (Columbia LP 2175, $4). It has never entered my head to omit Jerome Kern from the Big Five of American popular song writers, but I submit that many of his numbers are especially susceptible to saccharine interpretation. And that is what happens when Kirsten tackles these songs in the floral and decorous setting provided by Percy Faith. The tunes are "I've Told Every Little Star," "All the Things You Are," "Dearly Beloved," "Don't Ever Leave Me," "I'm Old Fashioned," "Long Ago," "Yesterdays," and "Look for the Silver Lining." What they need is rhythmic bucking up, not operatic breathing. But it is the frequent fate of the refined composer of such delightful songs as "Raggedy Ann," "They Didn't Believe Me," and "Who" to be wafted into the air by refined *artistes* who apparently have never felt the fundamental pulsations of American popular rhythm.

Miss Kirsten's erstwhile colleague at the Metropolitan Opera House, Ezio Pinza, has gone to Hollywood with the enchantments of "South Pacific" clinging all about him, and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has promptly cast him in something called "Mr. Imperium," from which I have heard two numbers, "Andiamo" and "My Love and My Mule" (included in RCA Victor LP 61, $4.67). These harmless tunes by the talented Harold Arlen give Pinza a deluxe opportunity to throw away his voice. After the heavily endowed efforts of Miss Kirsten and Mr. Pinza two numbers sung in Chinese by Miss Hue Lee strike me as positively charming. I have no idea who Miss Hue Lee may be, and the composers of "Rose, Rose, I Love You" and "An Autumn Melody" are not identified on the labels, but the songs—one with a rhumba accent—sound a good deal like the plaintive Japanese popular songs I heard in 1936, and the miniature delivery of them by Miss Hue is wholly ingratiating (Columbia 39420, 89¢).

The strict New Orleans fancy will welcome the newest long-player by several members of the late Bunk Johnson's band; this is the "George Lewis Jam Session" (Paradox 6001, $3.85) with Lewis on the clarinet; Jim Robinson, trombone; Alton Purnell, piano; Lawrence Marrero, banjo; Alcide Pavageau, bass; Joe Watkins, drums; and the late Elmer Talbert, trumpet. The qualities of these eight numbers are the lusty ones associated with the famous Johnson sides for Victor. Talbert, at least in the recording, is a more recessive trumpet than Johnson, but when George Lewis summons his friends to the microphone the authentic New Orleans experience still takes place—quite as if no one had ever written a word about it.

—WILDER HOBSON.

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Points on Portables

PROBABLY there's no finer way to hear recorded music than in a summer house, which is a habitat guaranteeing a minimum of distracting noise with a maximum of general relaxation and receptivity. Add to this the ebb of good music on the radio during summer months, and it will be seen why portable phonographs figure prominently in summer-vacation budgets. There are no startling innovations among the 1951 crop of portables, rather some valuable improvements on basic models that have already proven their worth.

This summer for the first time there are available portable phonographs which employ the General Electric variable-reluctance pickup. This type of cartridge has become almost a standard item in high-fidelity installations by reason of its wide tonal response and minimal tracking noise, but because it requires a somewhat more complicated amplifier the "reluctance" pickup has been neglected in the design of portable phonographs. Now the manufacturers of portables seem to have solved whatever problems hampered its use. Gotham has a model on the market which features a variable-reluctance pickup (with "turnover" stylus for microgroove and standard records) and a six-inch speaker. The motor turns at all three speeds. For those who can dispense with an automatic changer (and LP users really don't need one) the Gotham at $59.95 is excellent value.

The G-E pickup puts in another appearance with the various Libertyphone models. These belong to the luxury category and have earned their spurs in all lands and climes. Standard to all 1951 Libertyphones are six-tube audio amplifiers (with built-in preamplification), variable-reluctance cartridges, and eight-inch speakers. Liberty leaves to the buyer's option the type of changer (either Webster-Chicago or Garrard) and the covering material (either airplane cloth or leather). Prices range from $129.50 for the Webster and airplane cloth to $169.50 for the Garrard and leather, with other combinations at intermediate figures. The *ne plus ultra* of Libertyphones adds to the specifications just detailed a radio tuner equipped for both AM and short-wave reception. Prices for these run from a low of $189.50 to a high of $269.50, again depending on the variables mentioned above. Any of these models can be recommended for top-quality performance. A good value in a portable radio-phono, by the way, is the Zenith (with "Cobra-Matic" changer) at $119.95.

Another luxury product is produced by the enterprising Rek-O-Cut Company. This year the proven "Recitalist" model (with a heavy-duty turntable, sixteen-inch pickup, hi-fi amplifier, and eight-inch speaker) can be had with either crystal or variable-reluctance cartridges. Prices are respectively $229.95 and $249.95. Rek-O-Cut's "Rhythmaster" model is identical to the "Recitalist" except that it has a continuously-variable speed turntable in place of the fixed three speeds. There's an extra twenty-dollar charge for this refinement.

Although we have no statistics to prove it, our guess would be that Webster-Chicago portable phonographs lead all other brands in country-wide sales. This summer there are two new models, both using crystal pickups with dual-point stylus for each groove size. The cheaper one, which sells for $49., has a four-inch speaker and a three-speed motor but no record changer. The other, retailing for $83.25, employs a regular Webster-Chicago automatic changer and a five-inch speaker. Both are covered in burgundy leatherette, and very handsomely too—as witness the 1951 Gold Medal bestowed on Webster-Chicago by the Fashion Academy for "unusual exterior design."

An excellent buy for the money is Dynavox's model 933 with a three-speed motor, six-inch speaker, and "turnover" crystal cartridge at $42.95 (no changer, of course). The Dynavox TP101 features an eight-inch speaker which is detachable from the playing unit and can be set up wherever convenient. It sells for $79.95.

For those who want to restrict their summer listening to 45-rpm discs there are two recommendable machines made by RCA Victor. The self-contained model EY2 with RCA's center-spindle changer and a small speaker can be purchased for a rock-bottom $27.95. To be sure, this is not a portable in the truest sense, as there's no handle or enclosing case. But it is light, compact, and certainly inexpensive. The RCA model EY3 is a full-fledged portable with plastic case and handle, geared only for 45-rpm records and selling for $59.

That takes care of just about every problem except electricity. All the portables mentioned here require a supply of fairly constant 110 volt AC current. Those with summer homes beyond reach of power lines had better take along a generator. Or learn the banjo.

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"Villa-Lobos' homage to Bach"
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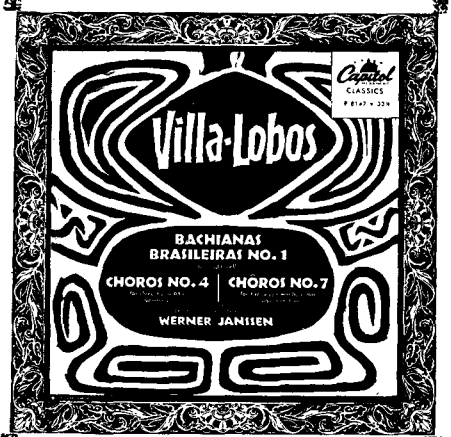

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Recordings for the Young

THE production of recordings to accompany school music books represents a worthwhile development in music for children. The Silver Burdette Company (New York) and Ginn and Company (Boston) have both recently released several albums containing recordings of songs in their respective book series. The Silver Burdette recordings released by Columbia, accompanying their series New Music Horizons, consist of one or more albums for each of the first eight grades. Ginn has released albums for the first three grades to accompany their new series, Our Singing World, and albums for the remainder of the grades are in preparation. Both companies have attained a high standard of excellence in selection of material, performances, and production. Their recordings provide a superior source of recorded music for children of all ages. Parents interested in a systematic approach to the musical education of their children may wish to purchase these recordings for home use.

Many top quality recordings for children have appeared during the past two months. Here are a number of the most desirable.

TIMBER-R-R. (Young People's Record 405, one 10" unbreakable, $1.24.) This stirring story of the logging industry represents a valuable addition to the Fact and Folklore Series. The exciting songs sung by Tom Glazer and the realistic sound effects offer a real thrill for children from six to ten. The record not only gives a vivid picture of lumberjacks at work and play, but also teaches the necessity for forest preservation.

CINDERELLA. (Children's Record Guild 201, two 10" unbreakable, $2.20.) An outstanding musical dramatization of the Cinderella story. The stimulating ballet music by Sergei Prokofieff is expertly woven into the story. This fine music represents a startling and gratifying contrast to much of the music used in children's recordings. The complete text of the story appears on the album. First choice for children from four to ten.

A WALK IN THE FOREST. (Young People's Record 805, one 10" unbreakable, $1.24.) An alluring fantasy for children. A small boy tells the story of his walk through the forest. He meets many wild animals who join him in games and a picnic. Each animal is represented by a different instrument and by a different motif. Herbert Haufrecht's music has attractive simplicity and a contemporary flavor. Excellent for twos to fives.

A-HUNTING WE WILL GO. (Young People's Record 505, one 10" unbreakable, $1.24.) Tom Glazer and the Gene Lowell Chorus sing three spirited hunting songs: "The Keeper," an old English response song; "A Southerly Wind," a fast round; and "Away and Away." Children from six to ten will learn these songs quickly.

TUBBY THE TUBA AT THE CIRCUS. (Decca K-22, one 10" unbreakable, $1.05.) Danny Kaye tells and sings a new tale about Tubby the Tuba. Exhibiting his customary charm and enthusiasm, Kaye successfully puts across the moral of the story—"be yourself."

HATCHY MILATCHY; LITTLE SALLY ONE SHOE. (Columbia set MJV 98, one 10" unbreakable, $1.19.) Rosemary Clooney and a chorus sing two captivating songs with lovely accompaniments by Percy Faith's orchestra. Miss Clooney has just the right kind of voice and singing style for children's songs. This is one of her best recordings and is recommended for fours to sixes.

DADDY COMES HOME. (Children's Record Guild 1018, one 10" unbreakable, $1.10.) This participation record presents songs and musical games for Daddy and the small fry. Children from two to four will enjoy it and get many ideas for playing with and without their daddy.

Gene Autry fans will be pleased by two of his recent recordings, *RUSTY THE ROCKING HORSE* and *BUCKY THE BUCKING BRONCO* (Columbia set MJV 94) and *SONNY THE BUNNY* and *BUNNY ROUND-UP TIME* (Columbia set MJV 103). Cowboys and cowgirls from two to six will love the tuneful and amusing songs in the first set. In the latter set Gene, leaving cowboy songs for a time, turns his attention to two appealing songs about rabbits. Children from five to eight will enjoy them.

Three Playtime Records, Columbia's 6" records retailing for 25¢, are of unusual interest: *THE TAP DANCE RECORD* (370-PV); *I'M A LITTLE TEAPOT* (368 PV); and *PARADE OF THE WOODEN SOLDIERS* (367 PV).

—CHARLES LEONHARD.

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Letters to the *RECORDINGS* Editor

Final Date for the Forty-Eight

SIR: I should very much like to know when Wanda Ladowska is going to finish her recording of "The Well - Tempered Clavier." We were promised with the first album that there would be a complete rendition.

CHARLES W. SCHERR.

Chicago, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *As noted on page 50, the third instalment of Landowska's project has now been issued. This finishes Book I and marks the halfway point of the complete recording. Right now the walls of Mme. Landowska's Lakeville, Connecticut, home are resounding to the first eight preludes and fugues from Book II, in preparation for recording sessions later this summer. The lady will not be hurried. She expends more care on a few preludes and fugues than others do on a complete music-drama by Wagner. It shows in the results, too. As for the date that Mr. Scherr requests, Christmas of 1952 should see the final instalment in the record shops.*

Rarities for Sale

SIR: I own a number of original Caruso records for which, I have been told, there is a market at the present time. Could you give me any information about this, or tell me how to go about contacting such a market? I also have a number of recordings by such artists as Farrar, Scotti, Galli-Curci, etc. All of them are in almost perfect condition.

FORTUNATA CALIRI.

Belmont, Mass.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Several letters of this tenor reach our desk every month, and it might be well to answer one in print. Generally, the value of acoustic vocal records is much exaggerated by their owners. Victor minted records by Caruso, Farrar, and company in the millions, and plenty of them are still around, often selling for less than a dollar in second-hand disc shops. This is not to imply that all such records are of dubious value. Dickens novels were printed by the millions, but first editions still command a good price. There are "first editions" in records too, for which dealers will offer substantial, if not overwhelming, sums. Addresses of second-hand record dealers are usually to be found in the monthly* RECORD MART *section.*

"Born Yesterday"

SIR: I would like to see some recording company give us a complete "Born Yesterday" starring Judy Holliday. Anyone else who'd buy?

WALTER R. WYSS.

Queens Village, N. Y.

Szigeti's Debussy

SIR: Regarding Roland Gelatt's article on Joseph Szigeti [June RECORDINGS], one could profitably point out (to Columbia) the advantages of this artist's tonal variety in one particular work, the Debussy Violin Sonata. Francescatti's performance, chosen for LP transfer, is pure—but in comparison with Szigeti's it is deadly dull. I was very fond of this sonata, until I discovered that no one but Szigeti could prevent this dulness. I want to remain fond of it, but 78's are too cumbersome for me to carry around. . . . Also, why doesn't some company get Nadia Boulanger to do some more old music? She is the only one I've heard who can make the Renaissance composers both alive and valid.

JOHN DAVES ROBERTS.

Choccolocco, Ala.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In fairness to Columbia it should be noted that the Francescatti version had the dual advantage of newer recording and the partnership of Robert Casadesus. Perhaps the new Columbia series, "Issued by Request" (see page 47), will include some Szigeti dubbings. Besides the above-mentioned Debussy, attention might well be paid to the Prokofieff Violin Concerto (with Beecham) and the Bartók Rhapsody (with the composer). The American Decca company plans to record several LP's with Nadia Boulanger.*

Memorials to Koussevitzky

SIR: I am anxious to learn if RCA Victor plans to reissue the fine Koussevitzky-Boston Symphony recordings of Ravel's "Daphnis and Chloe Suite No. 2" and Debussy's "La Mer." Both of these are superlative performances. As an old Koussevitzky fan I am hoping that Victor will issue in the Treasury series more of his fine recordings, even if they are technically inferior to LP standards.

GEORGE W. CAREY.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Word from RCA Victor headquarters is that both "Daphnis" and "La Mer" are high on the list of candidates for the next batch of Treasury reissues. Victor can't say for sure, but it seems probable both will be issued early in 1952. Meanwhile, Koussevitzky admirers will be glad to know that Victor is now processing two new recordings for early release, the Sibelius Second and the "Siegfried Idyll." They were made a few months prior to the conductor's death.*

Weingartner on LP

SIR: Some months ago there was correspondence in your pages on the possibility of issuing Felix Weingartner's Beethoven recordings on LP. Does Columbia show any inclination to make these valuable interpretations generally available in continuous form? Certainly the Fourth, Sixth, and Ninth are well worthy of reissue. And, beyond Beethoven, I would vote for Weingartner LP's of the Brahms Second Symphony and the Liszt A major Concerto (with Emil Sauer).

ROBERT OLSON.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The inauguration of Columbia's "Issued by Request" series gives reason for hope that Weingartner reissues will soon become an accomplished fact.*

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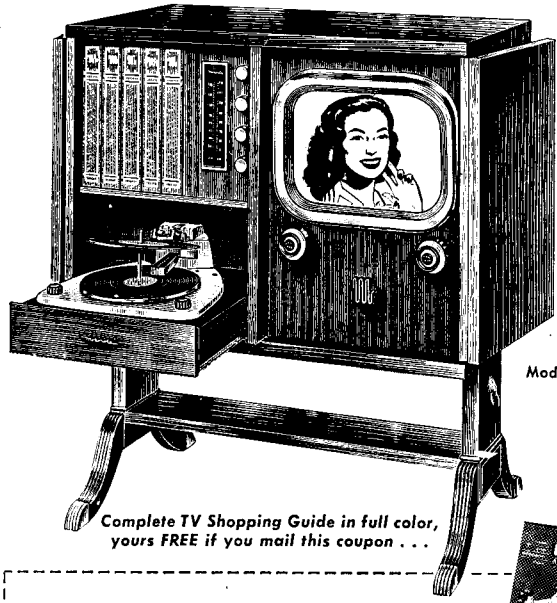

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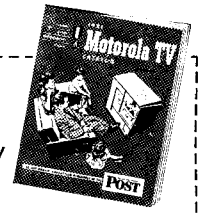

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